OLD POZ, THE MIMIC, MADEMOISELLE PANACHE,

BEING THE FOURTH VOLUME

OF

THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT,

OR

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

OLD POZ.

LUCY, *daughter to the Juſtice.*
Mrs. BUSTLE, *Landlady of the Saracen's Head.*

JUSTICE HEADSTRONG.
OLD MAN.
WILLIAM, *a Servant.*

SCENE I.

The houſe of Juſtice Headſtrong—a hall. Lucy watering ſome myrtles—a Servant behind the ſcenes is heard to ſay—

—I Tell you my maſter is not up —you can't ſee him, ſo go about your buſineſs, I ſay.

Lucy. Whom are you ſpeaking to William?—Who's that?

Will. Only an old man, miſs, with a complaint for my maſter.

Lucy. Oh then don't ſend him away—don't ſend him away.

Will. But maſter has not had his chocolate, ma'am. He won't ſee any body ever before he drinks his chocolate, you know, ma'am.

Lucy. But let the old man then come in here—perhaps he can wait a little while—call him.

[*Exit Servant.*

(Lucy ſings, and goes on watering her myrtles—the Servant ſhews in the old man.)

Will. You can't ſee my maſter this hour, but miſs will let you ſtay here.

Lucy. (*aſide.*) Poor old man, how he trembles as he walks. (*aloud*) Sit

down, ſit down, my father will ſee you ſoon; pray ſit down.

(He heſitates, ſhe puſhes a chair towards him.)

Lucy. Pray ſit down.

(He ſits down.)

Old M. You are very good miſs, very good.

(Lucy goes to her myrtles again.)

Lucy. Ah! I'm afraid this poor myrtle is quite dead—quite dead.

(The old man ſighs, and ſhe turns round.)

Lucy. (aſide.) I wonder what can make him ſigh ſo!—(*Aloud*) My father won't make you wait long.

Old M. O ma'am, as long as he pleaſes—I'm in no haſte—no haſte—its only a ſmall matter.

Lucy. But does a ſmall matter make you ſigh ſo?

Old M. Ah miſs, becauſe, though it is a ſmall matter in itſelf, it is not a

ſmall matter to me; (*ſighing again*) it was my all, and I've loſt it.

Lucy. What do you mean? What have you loſt?

Old M. Why, miſs—but I won't trouble you about it.

Lucy. But it won't trouble me at all—I mean, I wiſh to hear it—ſo tell it me.

Old M. Why, miſs, I ſlept laſt night at the inn here, in town—the Saracen's head——

Lucy. (*interrupts him.*) Hark, there is my father coming down ſtairs; follow me—you may tell me your ſtory as we go along.

Old M. I ſlept at the Saracen's head, miſs, and——

[*Exit talking.*

SCENE II.

JUSTICE HEADSTRONG'S STUDY.

(He appears in his night-gown and cap, with his gouty foot upon a ſtool—a table and chocolate beſide him—Lucy is leaning on the arm of his chair.)

Juſt. Well, well, my darling, preſently—I'll ſee him preſently.

Lucy. Whilſt you are drinking your chocolate, papa?

Juſt. No, no, no—I never ſee any body till I have done my chocolate, darling. (*He taſtes his chocolate.*) There's no ſugar in this child.

Lucy. Yes, indeed, papa.

Juſt. No child—there's *no* ſugar I tell you—that's poz!

Lucy. Oh, but, papa, I aſſure you I put in two lumps myſelf.

Juſt. There's *no* ſugar, I ſay—why will you contradict me, child, for ever?—there is no ſugar, I ſay.

(Lucy leans over him playfully, and with his tea-ſpoon pulls out two lumps of ſugar.)

Lucy. What's this, papa?

Juſt. Pſhaw! pſhaw! pſhaw! it is not melted child—it is the ſame as no ſugar. Oh my foot, girl! my foot—you kill me—go, go, I'm buſy—I've buſineſs to do—go and ſend William to me; do you hear, love!

Lucy. And the old man, papa?

Juſt. What old man? I tell you what, I've been plagued ever ſince I was awake, and before I was awake,

about that old man. If he can't wait, let him go about his buſineſs—don't you know, child, I never ſee any body till I've drunk my chocolate—and I never will, if it was a duke, that's poz! Why it has but juſt ſtruck twelve; if he can't wait, he can go about his buſineſs, can't he?

Lucy. Oh, ſir, he *can* wait. It was not he who was impatient: (*ſhe comes back playfully*) it was only I, papa, don't be angry.

Juſt. Well—well, well; (*finiſhing his cup of chocolate, and puſhing the diſh away*) and at any rate there was not ſugar enough—ſend William, ſend William, child, and I'll finiſh my own buſineſs, and then——

[*Exit Lucy, dancing*—"*And then!*—"*and then!*"]

JUSTICE *alone.*

Oh this foot of mine (*twinges*)—oh this foot. Aye, if Dr. Spareribb could cure one of the gout, then, indeed, I ſhould think ſomething of him—but, as to my leaving off my bottle of port, it's nonſenſe, it's all nonſenſe, I can't do it—I can't, and I won't, for all the Dr. Spareribs in Chriſtendom, that's poz.

Enter WILLIAM.

Juſt. William—oh! aye—hey—what anſwer, pray, did you bring from the Saracen's Head?—did you ſee Mrs. Buſtle herſelf, as I bid you?

Will. Yes, ſir, I ſaw the landlady herſelf—ſhe ſaid ſhe would come up immediately, ſir.

Juſt. Ah that's well—immediately?

Will. Yes, ſir, and I hear her voice below now.

Juſt. O ſhew her up, ſhew Mrs. Buſtle in.

Enter Mrs. BUSTLE, *the landlady of the Saracen's Head.*

Land. Good-morrow to your worſhip!—I'm glad to ſee your worſhip look ſo purely—I came up with all ſpeed (*taking breath*) our pye is in the oven—that was what you ſent for me about, I take it.

Juſt. True—true—ſit down good Mrs. Buſtle, pray——

Land. O your worſhip's always very good (*ſettling her apron*) I came up juſt as I was, only threw my ſhawl over me—I thought your worſhip would excuſe—I'm quite as it were rejoiced to ſee your worſhip look ſo purely, and to find you up ſo hearty—

Juſt. O I'm very hearty (*coughing*) always hearty, thank God for it—I hope to ſee many Chriſtmas doings yet, Mrs. Buſtle—and ſo our pye is in the oven, I think you ſay?

Land. In the oven it is—I put it in with my own hands, and, pleaſe Heaven we have but good luck in the baking, it will be as pretty a gooſe-pye, though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, as pretty a gooſe-pye as ever your worſhip ſet your eye upon.

Juſt. Will you take a glaſs of any thing this morning, Mrs. Buſtle?—I have ſome nice uſquebaugh.

Land. O no, your worſhip!—I thank your worſhip, though, as much as if I took it; but I juſt took my luncheon before I came up—or more proper *my Sandwich*, I ſhould ſay, for the faſhion's ſake, to be ſure. A *lun-*

cheon won't go down with nobody, now-a-days (*laughs*)—I expects hoſtler and boots will be calling for their Sandwiches juſt now. (*laughs again*)—I'm ſure I beg your worſhip's pardon for mentioning a *luncheon*.

Juſt. O, Mrs. Buſtle, the word's a good word, for it means a good thing, ha! ha! ha! (*pulls out his watch*)—but pray is it luncheon time?—why it's paſt one, I declare, and I thought I was up in remarkably good time, too.

Land. Well, and to be ſure ſo it was, remarkable good time for *your worſhip*—but folks in our way muſt be up betimes, you know—I've been up and about theſe ſeven hours!

Juſt. (*ſtretching.*) Seven hours!

Land. Aye, indeed, eight, I might ſay, for I'm an early little body—

though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it—I *am* an early little body.

Juſt. An early little body, as you ſay, Mrs. Buſtle—ſo I ſhall have my gooſe-pye for dinner, hey?

Land. For dinner, as ſure as the clock ſtrikes four—but I muſtn't ſtay prating, for it may be ſpoiling if I'm away—ſo I muſt wiſh your worſhip a good morning. (*ſhe curtſies.*)

Juſt. No ceremony—no ceremony, good Mrs. Buſtle, your ſervant.

Enter WILLIAM—*to take away the chocolate—the Landlady is putting on her ſhawl.*

Juſt. You may let that man know, William, that I have diſpatched my *own* buſineſs, and I am at leiſure for his now—(*taking a pinch of ſnuff*)—

hum—pray, William! (*Juſtice leans back gravely*)—what ſort of a looking fellow is he, pray?

Will. Moſt like a ſort of a travelling man, in my opinion, ſir—or ſomething that way, I take it.

(*At theſe words the Landlady turns round inquiſitively, and delays, that ſhe may liſten, whilſt ſhe is putting on and pinning her ſhawl.*)

Juſt. Hum—a ſort of a travelling man—hum—lay my books out open, at the title vagrant—and William, tell the cook that Mrs. Buſtle promiſes me the gooſe-pye for dinner—four o'clock, do you hear?—And ſhew the old man in now.

(*The Landlady looks eagerly towards the door, as it opens, and exclaims—*

Land. My old gentleman, as I hope to breathe!

Enter the OLD MAN.

(Lucy follows the old man on tiptoe—the Juſtice leans back, and looks conſequential—the Landlady ſets her arms a-kimbo; the old man ſtarts as he ſees her.)

Juſt. What ſtops you, friend? come forward, if you pleaſe.

Land. (*advancing.*) So, ſir! is it you, ſir?—aye, you little looked, I warrant ye, to meet me here with his worſhip—but there you reckoned without your hoſt—out of the frying pan into the fire.

Juſt. What is all this?—what is this?

Land. (*running on.*) None of your ſlummery ſtuff will go down with his worſhip, no more than with me, I give ye warning—ſo you may go farther and fare worſe—and ſpare your breath to cool your porridge.

Juſt. (*waves his hand with dignity.*) Mrs. Buſtle, good Mrs. Buſtle, remember where you are—ſilence!—ſilence!—come forward, ſir, and let me hear what you have to ſay.

(*The old Man comes forward.*)

Juſt. Who, and what may you be, friend? And what is your buſineſs with me?

Land. Sir, if your worſhip will give me leave——

(*Juſtice makes a ſign to her to be ſilent.*)

Old M. Pleaſe your worſhip, I am an old ſoldier.

Land. (*interrupting.*) An old hypocrite, ſay.

Juſt. Mrs. Buſtle, pray—I deſire—let the man ſpeak.

Old M. For theſe two years paſt, ever ſince, pleaſe your worſhip—I wasn't able to work any longer, for in

my youth I *did* work as well as the beſt of them.

Land. (eager to interrupt.) You work —you——

Juſt. Let him finiſh his ſtory, I ſay.

Lucy. Aye, do, do, papa, ſpeak for him. Pray Mrs. Buſtle——

Land. (turning ſuddenly round to Lucy.) Miſs!—a good morrow to you, ma'am—I humbly beg your apologies, for not ſeeing you ſooner, Miſs Lucy.

(Juſtice nods to the old Man, who goes on.)

Old M. But, pleaſe your worſhip, it pleaſed God to take away the uſe of my left arm, and, ſince that, I have never been able to work.

Land. Flummery!—flummery!

Juſt. (angrily,) Mrs. Buſtle, I have deſired ſilence, and I will have it, that's poz!—you ſhall have your turn preſently.

Old M. For theſe two years paſt—for why ſhould I be aſhamed to tell the truth, I have lived upon charity, and I ſcraped together a guinea and a half, and upwards; and I was travelling with it to my grandſon, in the north, with him to end my days—*but*—(*ſighing.*)

Juſt. But what?—proceed pray to the point.

Old M. But, laſt night, I ſlept here in town, pleaſe your worſhip, at the Saracen's Head.

Land. (*in a rage.*) At the Saracen's Head; yes, forſooth, none ſuch ever ſlept at the Saracen's Head afore, or ever ſhall after, as long as my name's Buſtle, and the Saracen's Head is the Saracen's Head.

Juſt. Again!—again!—Mrs. Landlady, this is downright—I have ſaid you ſhould ſpeak preſently—he *ſhall*

ſpeak firſt, ſince I've ſaid it—that's poz. Speak on, friend: you ſlept laſt night at the Saracen's Head.

Old M. Yes, pleaſe your worſhip, and I accuſe nobody—but, at night, I had my little money ſafe, and, in the morning, it was gone.

Land. Gone!—gone indeed in my houſe! and this is the way I'm to be treated; is it ſo?—I could'nt but ſpeak, pleaſe your worſhip, to ſuch an inhuman-like, out-o'-the way, ſcandalous charge, if King George, and all the Royal Family, were ſitting in your worſhip's chair, beſides you to ſilence me—(*turning to the old Man*)—and this is your gratitude, forſooth! Didn't you tell me that any hole in my houſe was good enough for you, you wheedling hypocrite, and my thanks is to call me and mine a pack of thieves.

Old M. O, no, no, no, *No*—a pack of thieves, Heaven forbid!

Land. Aye, I thought when *I* came to ſpeak we ſhould have you upon your marrow-bones in ———

Juſt. (*imperiouſly.*) Silence!—five times have I commanded ſilence, and five times in vain; and I won't command any thing five times in vain—*that's poz!*

Land. (*in a pet, aſide.*) Old Poz! (*aloud*)—Then, your worſhip, I don't ſee any buſineſs I have to be waiting here—the folks will want me at home—(*returning and whiſpering*)—ſhall I ſend the gooſe-pye up your worſhip, if it's ready?

Juſt. (*with magnanimity.*) I care not for the gooſe-pye, Mrs. Buſtle—do not talk to me of gooſe-pyes—this is no place to talk of pyes.

Land. O, for that matter, your worſhip knows beſt, to be ſure.

[*Exit Landlady, angry.*

SCENE III.

JUSTICE HEADSTRONG, OLD MAN, *and* LUCY.

Lucy. Ah now I'm glad he can ſpeak —now tell papa—and you need not be afraid to ſpeak to him, for he is very good natured—don't contradict him though—becauſe he told *me* not—

Juſt. O darling, *you* ſhall contradict me as often as you pleaſe—only not before I've drunk my chocolate, child—hey!—go on my good friend, you ſee what it is to live in old England, where,

thank Heaven, the pooreſt of his Majeſty's ſubjects may have juſtice, and ſpeak his mind before the firſt man in the land. Now ſpeak on, and you hear ſhe tells you you need not be afraid of me. Speak on.

Old M. I thank your worſhip, I'm ſure.

Juſt. Thank me! for what, ſir? I won't be thanked for doing juſtice, ſir; ſo—but explain this matter. You loſt your money, hey, at the Saracen's Head—you had it ſafe laſt night, hey? —and you miſſed it this morning. Are you ſure you had it ſafe at night?

Old M. O, pleaſe your worſhip, quite ſure, for I took it out and looked at it juſt before I ſaid my prayers.

Juſt. You did—did ye ſo—hum! pray, my good friend, where might

you put your money when you went to bed?

Old M. Pleaſe your worſhip, where I always put it—always—in my tobacco-box.

Juſt. Your tobacco-box! I never heard of ſuch a thing—to make a *ſtrong box* of a tobacco-box—ha! ha! ha!—hum—and you ſay the box and all was gone in the morning.

Old M. No, pleaſe your worſhip, no, not the box, the box was never ſtirred from the place where I put it. They left me the box—

Juſt. Tut, tut, tut, man!—took the money and left the box; I'll never believe *that*; I'll never believe, that any one could be ſuch a fool. Tut, tut! the thing's impoſſible: it's well you are not upon oath.

Old M. If I was, pleaſe your worſhip,

I ſhould ſay the ſame, for it is the truth.

Juſt. Don't tell me, don't tell me; I ſay the thing is impoſſible.

Old M. Pleaſe your worſhip, here's the box.

Juſt. (*goes on without looking at it.*) Nonſenſe! nonſenſe! it's no ſuch thing, it's no ſuch thing I ſay—no man would take the money, and leave the tobacco-box I won't believe it—nothing ſhall make me believe it ever—that's poz.

Lucy. (*takes the box, and holds it up before her father's eyes.*) You did not ſee the box, did you, papa?

Juſt. Yes, yes, yes, child—nonſenſe! it's all a lie from beginning to end. A man who tells one lie will tell a hundred—all a lie!—all a lie!

Old M. If your worſhip would give me leave—

Juſt. Sir—it does not ſignify—it does not ſignify; I've ſaid it, I've ſaid it, and that's enough to convince me; and I'll tell you more, if my Lord Chief Juſtice of England told it to me, I would not believe it—that's poz!

Lucy. (*ſtill playing with the box.*)—But how comes the box here, I wonder?

Juſt. Pſhaw! pſhaw! pſhaw darling!—go to your dolls, darling, and don't be poſitive—go to your dolls, and don't talk of what you don't underſtand. What can you underſtand, I want to know, of the law?

Lucy. No, papa, I didn't mean about the law—but about the box; becauſe, if the man had taken it, how could it be here, you know, papa?

Juſt. Hey, hey, what?—why what I ſay is this, that I don't diſpute, that that box, that you hold in your hands,

is a box; nay, for aught I know, it may be a tobacco-box—but it's clear to me, that if they left the box they did not take the money—and how do you dare, ſir, to come before Juſtice Headſtrong with a lie in your mouth? —recollect yourſelf, I'll give you time to recollect yourſelf.

(*A Pauſe.*)

Juſt. Well, ſir, and what do you ſay now about the box?

Old M. Pleaſe your worſhip, with ſubmiſſion, I *can* ſay nothing but what I ſaid before.

Juſt. What contradict me again—after I gave ye time to recollect yourſelf—I've done with ye, I have done—contradict me as often as you pleaſe, but you cannot impoſe upon me; I defy you to impoſe upon me!

Old M. Impoſe!

Juſt. I know the law—I know the law!—and I'll make you know it too—one hour I give you to recollect yourſelf, and if you don't give up this idle ſtory—I'll—I'll commit you as a vagrant—that's poz!—go, go for the preſent. William, take him into the ſervant's hall, do you hear?—What, take the money, and leave the box—I'll never believe it, that's poz!

(Lucy ſpeaks to the old Man as he is going off.)

Lucy. Don't be frightened! don't be frightened—I mean, if you tell the truth, never be frightened.

Old M. If I tell the truth—*(turning up his eyes.)*

Old Man is ſtill held back by

Lucy. One moment—anſwer me one queſtion—becauſe of ſomething that juſt came into my head—was the box ſhut faſt when you left it?

Old M. No, miſs, no!—open—it was open, for I could not find the lid in the dark—my candle went out—*if* I tell the truth—oh!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

JUSTICE'S *Study*——*the* JUSTICE *is writing.*

Old M. Well!—I ſhall have but few days more miſery in this world!

Juſt. (*looks up.*) Why! why—why then, why will you be ſo poſitive to perſiſt in a lie? Take the money and leave the box! obſtinate blockhead! Here, William (*ſhewing the committal*), take this old gentleman to Holdfaſt,

the conſtable, and give him this warrant.

Enter LUCY, *running, out of breath.*

I've found it! I've found it! I've found it! Here, old man; here's your money—here it is all—a guinea and a half, and a ſhilling and a ſixpence, juſt as he ſaid, papa.

Enter LANDLADY.

O la! your worſhip, did you ever hear the like?

Juſt. I've heard nothing, yet that I can underſtand. Firſt, have you ſecured the thief, I ſay?

Lucy. (*makes a ſign to the Landlady to be ſilent.*) Yes, yes, yes! we have him ſafe—we have him priſoner.—Shall he come in, papa?

Juſt. Yes, child, by all means; and now I ſhall hear what poſſeſſed him to leave the box—I don't underſtand—there's ſomething deep in all this; I don't underſtand it. Now I do deſire, Mrs. Landlady, nobody may ſpeak a ſingle word, whilſt I am croſs-examining the thief.

(Landlady puts her finger upon her lips—Every body looks eagerly towards the door.)

Re-enter LUCY, *with a huge wicker cage in her hand, containing a magpye—the Juſtice drops the committal out of his hand.*

Juſt. Hey!—what! Mrs. Landlady! the old magpye! hey!

Land. Aye, your worſhip, my old magpye—who'd have thought it.—Miſs was very clever, it was ſhe caught the thief. Miſs was very clever.

Old M. Very good! very good!

Juſt. Aye, darling! her father's own child! How was it, child?—caught the thief *with the mainour*, hey! tell us all—I will hear all—that's poz!

Lucy. Oh then, firſt I muſt tell you how I came to ſuſpect Mr. Magpye.—Do you remember papa, that day laſt ſummer, that I went with you to the bowling-green, at the Saracen's Head?

Land. O, of all days in the year—but I aſk pardon, Miſs.

Lucy. Well, that day I heard my uncle and another gentleman telling ſtories of magpies hiding money; and they laid a wager about this old magpye—and they tried him—they put a ſhilling upon the table, and he ran away with it, and hid it—ſo I thought that he might do ſo again, you know, this time.

Juſt. Right, right, it's a pity, child, you are not upon the bench; ha! ha! ha!

Lucy. And when I went to his old hiding place—there it was—but you ſee, papa, he did not take the box.

Juſt. No, no, no! becauſe the thief was a magpye—no *man* would have taken the money, and left the box. You ſee I was right—no *man* would have left the box, hey?

Lucy. Certainly not, I ſuppoſe—but I'm ſo very glad, old man, that you have gotten your money.

Juſt. Well then, child, here, take my purſe, and add that to it. We were a little too haſty with the committal—hey?

Land. Aye, and I fear I was ſo too; but when one is touched about the credit of one's houſe, one's apt to ſpeak warmly.

Old M. O I'm the happieſt man alive! You are all convinced I told you no lies—ſay no more—ſay no more—I am the happieſt man! Miſs, you have made me the happieſt old man alive!—God bleſs you for it!

Land. Well now, I'll tell you what—I know what I think—you muſt keep that there magpye, and make a ſhow of him, and I warrant he'll bring you many an honeſt penny—for it's a *true ſtory*, and folks will like to hear it, I hopes——

Juſt. (*eagerly.*) And friend, do you hear, you'll dine here to-day—You'll dine here—we have ſome excellent ale—I will have you drink my health, that's poz!—hey, you'll drink my health, won't you, hey?

Old M. (*bows.*) O—and the young lady's, if you pleaſe.

Juſt. Aye, aye, drink her health—ſhe deſerves it—aye, drink my darling's health.

Land. And pleaſe your worſhip, it's the right time, I believe, to ſpeak of the gooſe-pye now—and a charming pye it is, and it's on the table.

Will. And Mr. Smack, the curate, and Squire Solid, and the Doctor, ſir, are come, and dinner is upon the table.

Juſt. Then let us ſay no more—but do juſtice immediately to the gooſe-pye—and, darling, put me in mind to tell this ſtory after dinner—

(After they go out, the Juſtice ſtops.)

"Tell this ſtory"—I don't know whether it tells well for me—but I'll never be poſitive any more—*that's poz.*

THE

THE MIMIC.

CHAPTER I.

MR. and Mrs. Montague ſpent the ſummer of the year 1795 at Cliſton, with their ſon Frederick, and their two daughters, Sophia and Marianne.—They had taken much care of the education of their children, nor were they ever tempted by any motive of perſonal convenience, or temporary amuſement, to hazard the permanent happineſs of their pupils.

Senſible of the extreme importance of early impreſſions, and of the powerful influence of external circumſtances

in forming the character and the manners, they were now anxious, that the variety of new ideas, and new objects, which would ſtrike the minds of their children, ſhould appear in a juſt point of view.

" Let children ſee, and judge for themſelves," is often inconſiderately ſaid.—Where children ſee only a part, they cannot judge of the whole—and from the ſuperficial view which they can have in ſhort viſits, and deſultory converſation, they can form only a falſe eſtimate of the objects of human happineſs, a falſe notion of the nature of ſociety, and falſe opinions of characters. —For theſe reaſons Mr. and Mrs. Montague were particularly cautious in the choice of their acquaintance, as they were well aware, that whatever paſſed in converſation before their children be

came part of their education.—When they came to Clifton, they wiſhed to have had a houſe entirely to themſelves; but as they came late in the ſeaſon, almoſt all the lodging houſes were full, and for a few weeks they were obliged to remain in a houſe, in which ſome of the apartments were already occupied.

During the firſt fortnight, they ſcarcely ſaw or heard any thing of one of the families, who lodged on the ſame floor with them.—An elderly quaker, and his ſiſter Birtha, were their ſilent neighbours.—The blooming complexion of the lady had indeed attracted the attention of the children, as they caught a glimpſe of her face, when ſhe was getting into her carriage, to go out upon the Downs.—They could ſcarcely believe, that ſhe

came to the Wells on account of her health.—Beſides her blooming complexion, the delicate white of her garments had ſtruck them with admiration, and they obſerved, that her brother carefully guarded theſe from the wheel of the carriage, as he handed her in. From this circumſtance, and from the benevolent countenance of the old gentleman, they concluded, that he was very fond of his ſiſter—that they were certainly very happy, only they never ſpoke, and could be ſeen but for a moment.

Not ſo the maiden lady, who occupied the ground floor.—On the ſtairs, in the paſſages, at her window, ſhe was continually viſible, and ſhe ſeemed to poſſeſs the art of being preſent in all theſe places at once.—Her voice was eternally to be heard, and it was not particularly melodious. The very firſt day ſhe

met Mrs. Montague's children on the ſtairs, ſhe ſtopped to tell Marianne, that ſhe was a charming dear! and a charming little dear! to kiſs her, to inquire her name, and to inform her, that her own name was "Mrs. Thereſa Tattle;" a circumſtance of which there was little danger of their long remaining in ignorance, for in the courſe of one morning at leaſt twenty ſingle, and as many double raps at the door, were ſucceeded by vociferations of "Mrs. Thereſa Tattle's ſervant!" — "Mrs. Thereſa Tattle at home?" — "Mrs. Thereſa Tattle not at home."

No perſon at the Wells was oftener at home and abroad than Mrs. Tattle; ſhe had, as ſhe deemed it, the happineſs, to have a moſt extenſive acquaintance reſiding at Clifton. She had for years kept a regiſter of arrivals. She

regularly conſulted the ſubſcriptions to the circulating libraries, and the liſts at the Ball and the Pump-Rooms; ſo that, with a memory unincumbered with literature, and free from all domeſtic cares, ſhe contrived to retain a moſt aſtoniſhing and correct liſt of births, deaths, and marriages, together with all the anecdotes, amuſing, inſtructive, or ſcandalous, which are neceſſary to the converſation of a water-drinking place, and eſſential to the character of a "very "pleaſant woman."

"A very pleaſant woman," Mrs. Tattle was uſually called, and conſcious of her accompliſhments, ſhe was eager to introduce herſelf to the acquaintance of her new neighbours; having, with her ordinary expedition, collected from their ſervants, by means of her own, all that could be known, or rather all that

could be told, about them. The name of Montague, at all events, ſhe knew was a good name, and juſtified her courting this acquaintance. She courted it firſt by nods, and becks, and ſmiles, at Marianne, whenever ſhe met her; and Marianne, who was a very little girl, began preſently to nod and ſmile in return; perſuaded, that a lady, who ſmiled ſo much, could not be ill-natured. Beſides, Mrs. Thereſa's parlour door was ſometimes left more than half open, to afford a view of a green parrot. Marianne ſometimes paſſed very ſlowly by this door. One morning it was left quite wide open, ſhe ſtopped to ſay "Pretty Poll," and immediately Mrs. Tattle begged ſhe would do her the honour to walk in and ſee "Pretty Poll;" at the ſame time taking

the liberty to offer her a piece of iced plumb cake.

The next day Mrs. Thereſa Tattle did herſelf the honour to wait upon Mrs. Montague, " to apologiſe for the liberty ſhe had taken, in inviting Mrs. Montague's charming Miſs Marianne into her apartment to ſee Pretty Poll; and for the ſtill greater liberty ſhe had taken in offering her a piece of plumb cake, inconſiderate creature that ſhe was! which might poſsibly have diſagreed with her, and which certainly were liberties ſhe never ſhould have been induced to take, if ſhe had not been unaccountably bewitched by Miſs Marianne's ſtriking, though highly flattering reſemblance, to a young gentleman, an officer, with whom ſhe had danced; ſhe was ſorry to ſay, now

nearly twelve years ago, at the races in ——ſhire, of the name of Montague, a moſt reſpectable young man, and of a moſt reſpectable family, with which, in a remote degree, ſhe might preſume to ſay, ſhe herſelf was ſomeway connected, having the honour to be nearly related to the Jones's of Merionethſhire, who were couſins to the [illegible] wairings, of Bedfordſhire, who married into the family of the Griffiths's, the eldeſt branch of which ſhe underſtood had the honour to be couſin german to Mr. Montague, on which account ſhe had been impatient to pay a viſit ſo likely to be productive of moſt agreeable conſequences, in the acquiſition of an acquaintance, whoſe ſociety muſt do her infinite honour."

Having thus happily accompliſhed her firſt viſit, there ſeemed little proba-

bility of eſcaping Mrs. Tattle's farther acquaintance. In the courſe of the firſt week, ſhe only hinted to Mr. Montague, that "ſome people thought his ſyſtem of education rather odd; that ſhe ſhould be obliged to him, if he would, ſome time or other, when he had nothing elſe to do, juſt ſit down and make her underſtand his notions, that ſhe might have ſomething to ſay to her acquaintance, as ſhe always wiſhed to have, when ſhe heard any friend attacked, or any friend's opinions."

Mr. Montague declining to ſit down and make this lady underſtand a ſyſtem of education only to give her ſomething to ſay, and ſhewing unaccountable indifference about the attacks with which he was threatened, Mrs. Tattle next addreſſed herſelf to Mrs. Montague, propheeying, in a moſt ſerious

whiſper, " that the charming Miſs Marianne would ſhortly and inevitably grow quite crooked, if ſhe were not immediately provided with a back-board, a French dancing-maſter, and a pair of ſtocks." This alarming whiſper could not, however, have a permanent effect upon Mrs. Montague's underſtanding, becauſe, three days afterwards, Mrs. Thereſa, upon the moſt anxious inſpection, miſtook the hip and ſhoulder which ſhould have been the higheſt. This danger vaniſhing, Mrs. Tattle preſently, with a rueful length of face, and formal preface, " heſitated to aſſure Mrs. Montague, that ſhe was greatly diſtreſſed about her daughter Sophy; that ſhe was convinced her lungs were affected; and that ſhe certainly ought to drink the waters morning and evening; and above all things, muſt keep

one of the patirosa lozenges conſtantly in her mouth, and directly conſult Dr. Cardamum, the beſt phyſician in the world, and the perſon ſhe would ſend for herſelf upon her death bed; becauſe, to her certain knowledge, he had recovered a young lady, a relation of her own, after ſhe had loſt one whole *globe* of her lungs."

The medical opinion of a lady of ſo much anatomical preciſion could not have much weight; nor was this univerſal adviſer more ſucceſsful in an attempt to introduce a tutor to Frederick, who, ſhe apprehended, muſt want one to perfect him in the Latin and Greek, and dead languages, of which ſhe obſerved it would be impertinent for a woman to talk, only ſhe might venture to repeat what ſhe had heard ſaid by good authority, that a competency of

the dead tongues could be had no where but at a public ſchool, or elſe from a private tutor, who had been abroad (after the advantages of a claſſical education, finiſhed in one of the Univerſities) with a good family, without which introduction, it was idle to think of reaping ſolid advantages from any continental tour; all which requiſites ſhe could, from perſonal knowledge, aver concentrated in the gentleman ſhe had the honour to recommend, as having been tutor to a young nobleman, who had now no farther occaſion for him, being unfortunately, for himſelf and his family, killed in an untimely duel.

All her ſuggeſtions being loſt upon theſe unthinking parents, Mrs. Thereſa Tattle's powers were next tried upon the children, and preſently her ſucceſs

was apparent. On Sophy, indeed, ſhe could not make any impreſſion, though ſhe had expended on her ſome of her fineſt ſtrokes of flattery. Sophy, though very deſirous of the approbation of her friends, was not very ſolicitous to win the favour of ſtrangers. She was about thirteen, that dangerous age at which ill-educated girls, in their anxiety to diſplay their accompliſhments, are apt to become dependent for applauſe upon the praiſe of every idle viſitor; when the habits not being formed, and the attention being ſuddenly turned to dreſs and manners, girls are apt to affect and imitate, indiſcriminately, every thing that they fancy to be agreeable.

Sophy, whoſe taſte had been cultivated at the ſame time with her powers of reaſoning, was not liable to fall into theſe errors; ſhe found, that ſhe could

pleaſe thoſe, whom ſhe wiſhed to pleaſe, without affecting to be any thing but what ſhe really was; and her friends liſtened to what ſhe ſaid, though ſhe never repeated the ſentiments, or adopted the phraſes, which ſhe might eaſily have caught from the converſation of thoſe who were older, or more faſhionable than herſelf. This word faſhionable Mrs. Thereſa Tattle knew had uſually a great effect even at thirteen, but ſhe had not obſerved, that it had much power upon Sophy; nor were her documents concerning grace and manners much attended to. Her mother had taught Sophy, that it was beſt to let herſelf alone, and not to diſtort either her perſon or her mind, in acquiring grimace, which nothing but the faſhion of the moment can ſupport, and which is always detected and deſpiſed

by people of real good ſenſe and politeneſs.

"Bleſs me!" ſaid Mrs. Tattle to herſelf, "if I had ſuch a tall daughter, and ſo unformed, before my eyes from morning to night, it would certainly break my poor heart. Thank God I am not a mother! Miſs Marianne for me, if I was!"

Miſs Marianne had heard ſo often from Mrs. Tattle, that ſhe was charming, that ſhe could not help believing it; and from being a very pleaſing, unaffected little girl, ſhe in a ſhort time grew ſo conceited, that ſhe could neither ſpeak, look, move, nor be ſilent, without imagining that every body was, or ought to be, looking at her; and when Mrs. Thereſa ſaw, that Mrs. Montague looked very grave upon theſe occaſions, ſhe, to repair the ill ſhe had

done, would ſay, after praiſing Marianne's hair or her eyes, "O, but little ladies ſhould never think about their beauty you know; nobody loves any body you know for being handſome, but for being good." People muſt think children are very ſilly, or elſe they can never have reflected upon the nature of belief in their own minds, if they imagine, that children will believe the words that are ſaid to them by way of moral, when the countenance, manner, and every concomitant circumſtance tell them a different tale. Children are excellent phyſiognomiſts, they quickly learn the univerſal language of looks, and what is ſaid of them always makes a greater impreſſion, than what is ſaid to them; a truth of which thoſe prudent people ſurely cannot be aware, who comfort themſelves, and apologize to

parents, by ſaying, "O but I would not ſay ſo and ſo to the child."

Mrs. Thereſa had ſeldom ſaid to Frederick Montague, "that he had a vaſt deal of drollery, and was a moſt incomparable Mimic;" but ſhe had ſaid ſo of him in whiſpers, which magnified the ſound to his imagination, if not to his ear. He was a boy of much vivacity, and had conſiderable abilities; but his appetite for vulgar praiſe had not yet been ſurfeited; even Mrs. Thereſa Tattle's flattery pleaſed him, and he exerted himſelf for her entertainment ſo much, that he became quite a buffoon. Inſtead of obſerving characters and manners, that he might judge of them and form his own, he now watched every perſon he ſaw, that he might detect ſome foible, or catch ſome ſingula-

nty in their geſture or pronunciation, which he might ſucceſsfully mimic.

Alarmed by the rapid progreſs of theſe evils, Mr. and Mrs. Montague, who, from the firſt day that they had been honoured with Mrs. Tattle's viſit, had begun to look out for new lodgings, were now extremely impatient to decamp. They were not people, who, from the weak fear of offending a ſilly acquaintance, would hazard the happineſs of their family. They had heard of a houſe in the country, which was likely to ſuit them, and they determined to go directly to look at it. As they were to be abſent all day, they foreſaw their officious neighbour would probably interfere with their children. They did not chooſe to exact any promiſe from them, which they might be tempted to break, and therefore they only

ſaid at parting, "If Mrs. Thereſa Tattle ſhould aſk you to come to her, do as you think proper."

Scarcely had Mrs. Montague's carriage gone out of hearing, when a note was brought, directed to "Frederick Montague, Eſq. junior," which he immediately opened, and read as follows:

"Mrs. Thereſa Tattle preſents her very beſt compliments to the entertaining Mr. Frederick Montague; ſhe hopes he will have the charity to drink tea with her this evening, and bring his charming ſiſter Marianne with him, as Mrs. Thereſa will be quite alone, with a ſhocking head ach, and is ſenſible her nerves are affected; and Dr. Cardamum ſays, that (eſpecially in Mrs. T. T.'s caſe) it is downright death to nervous patients to be alone an inſtant; ſhe therefore truſts Mr. Frederick will not refuſe to come and make her laugh.

"Mrs. Thereſa has taken care to provide a few macaroons for her little favourite, who ſaid ſhe was particularly fond of them the other day.

"Mrs. Thereſa hopes they will all come at ſix, or before; not forgetting Miſs Sophy, if ſhe will condeſcend to be of the party."

At the firſt reading of this note, "the entertaining" Mr. Frederick, and the charming Miſs Marianne, laughed heartily, and looked at Sophy as if they were afraid, that ſhe ſhould think it poſſible, they could like ſuch groſs flattery; but upon a ſecond peruſal Marianne obſerved, that it certainly was good-natured of Mrs. Thereſa, to remember the macaroons; and Frederick allowed, that it was wrong to laugh at the poor woman becauſe ſhe had the head-ach. Then twiſting the note in

his fingers, he appealed to Sophy: "Well, Sophy, leave off drawing for an inſtant, and tell us, what anſwer can we ſend?" "Can! we can ſend what anſwer we pleaſe." "Yes, I know that," ſaid Frederick; "I would refuſe if I could, but we ought not to do any thing rude, ſhould we? So I think we might as well go. Hey! becauſe we could not refuſe, if we would, I ſay."

"You have made ſuch confuſion," replied Sophy, "between "could n't," and "would n't," and "ſhould n't," that I can't underſtand you; ſurely they are all different things."

"Different! no," cried Frederick, "could, would, ſhould, might, and ought, are all the ſame thing in the Latin grammar; all of 'em ſigns of the potential mood, you know."

Sophy, whoſe powers of reaſoning were not to be confounded even by quotations from the Latin grammar, looked up ſoberly from her drawing, and anſwered, That very likely thoſe words might be ſigns of the ſame thing in the Latin grammar, but that ſhe believed they meant perfectly different things in real life.

"That's juſt as people pleaſe," ſaid her ſophiſtical brother, "you know words mean nothing in themſelves. If I choſe to call my hat my cadwallader, you would underſtand me juſt as well, after I had once explained it to you, that by cadwallader I meant this black thing, that I put upon my head; cadwallader and hat would then be juſt the ſame thing to you."

"Then why have two words for the ſame thing?" ſaid Sophy; "and what

has this to do with could and ſhould? You wanted to prove"—

"I wanted to prove," interrupted Frederick, "that it's not worth while to diſpute for two hours about two words. Do keep to the point, Sophy, and don't diſpute with me."

"I was not diſputing, I was reaſoning."

"Well, reaſoning or diſputing. Women have no buſineſs to do either, for how ſhould they know how to chop logic like men."

At this contemptuous ſarcaſm upon her ſex, Sophy's colour roſe. "There!" cried Frederick, exulting, "Now we ſhall ſee a philoſophereſs in a paſſion. I'd give ſixpence, half price for a harlequin entertainment, to ſee Sophy in a paſſion. Now, Marianne, look at her bruſh dabbling ſo faſt in the water!"

Sophy, who could not eaſily bear to be laughed at, with ſome little indignation ſaid, "Brother, I wiſh,"——"There! There!" cried Frederick, pointing to the colour, which roſe in her cheek almoſt to her temples; "Riſing! Riſing! Riſing! Look at the thermometer. Blood heat! Blood! Fever heat! Boiling water heat! Marianne."

"Then," ſaid Sophy, ſmiling, "you ſhould ſtand a little farther off, both of you; leave the thermometer to itſelf a little while; give it time to cool. It will come down to temperate by the time you look again."

"O, brother," cried Marianne, "ſhe's ſo good-humour'd, don't teize her any more; and don't draw heads upon her paper; and don't ſtretch her rubber out; and don't let us dirty any

more of her bruſhes: See! the ſides of her tumbler are all manner of colours."

"O, I only mixed red, blue, green, and yellow, to ſhew you, Marianne, that all colours mixed together make white. But ſhe is temperate now, and I won't plague her; ſhe ſhall chop logic if ſhe likes it, though ſhe is a woman."

"But that's not fair, brother," ſaid Marianne, "to ſay woman in that way. I'm ſure Sophy found out how to tie that difficult knot, which papa ſhewed to us yeſterday, long before you did, though you are a man." "Not long," ſaid Frederick; "beſides, that was only a conjuring trick."

"It was very ingenious, though," ſaid Marianne, "and papa ſaid ſo; and beſides, ſhe underſtood the rule of three, which was no conjuring trick, better than you did, though ſhe is a woman;

and ſhe may reaſon too, mamma ſays."

"Very well, let her reaſon away," ſaid the provoking wit; "all I have to ſay is, ſhe'll never be able to make a pudding." "Why not, pray brother," inquired Sophy, looking up again very gravely. "Why, you know papa himſelf, the other day at dinner, ſaid, that that woman, who talks Greek and Latin as well as I do, is a fool after all; and that ſhe had better have learned ſomething uſeful; and Mrs. Tattle ſaid ſhe'd anſwer for it ſhe did not know how to make a pudding."

"Well, but I am not talking Greek and Latin, am I?"

"No, but you are drawing, and that's the ſame thing."

"The ſame thing! O Frederick," ſaid little Marianne, laughing.

"You may laugh, but I ſay it is the ſame ſort of thing. Women that are always drawing, and reaſoning, never know how to make puddings; Mrs. Thereſa Tattle ſaid ſo, when I ſhewed her Sophy's beautiful drawing yeſterday."

"Mrs. Thereſa Tattle might ſay ſo," replied Sophy, calmly, "but I do not perceive the reaſon, brother, why drawing ſhould prevent me from learning how to make a pudding."

"Well, I ſay you'll never learn to make a good pudding."

"I have learned," continued Sophy, who was mixing her colours, "to mix ſuch and ſuch colours together, to make the colour that I want; and why ſhould I not be able to learn to mix flour and butter, and ſugar and egg together, to make the taſte that I want?"

"O, but mixing will never do, unleſs you know the quantities, like a cook; and you would never learn the right quantities."

"How did the cook learn them? cannot I learn them as ſhe did?"

"Yes, but you'd never do it exactly, and mind the ſpoonfuls rightly, by the receipt, like a cook, exactly."

"Indeed! indeed but ſhe would," cried Marianne eagerly, "and a great deal more exactly, for Mamma has taught her to weigh and meaſure things very carefully; and when I was ill, ſhe always weighed my bark ſo nicely, and dropped my drops ſo carefully; not like the cook. When Mamma took me down to ſee her make a cake once, I ſaw her ſpoonfuls, and her ounces, and her handfuls; ſhe daſhed and ſplaſhed without minding exactneſs, or the

receipt, or any thing. I'm ſure Sophy would make a much better pudding, if exactneſs only is wanting."

"Well, granting that ſhe could make the beſt pudding in the whole world, what does that ſignify? I ſay ſhe never would, ſo it comes to the ſame thing."

"Never would! how can you tell that, brother?"

"Why now look at her, with her books, and her drawings, and all this apparatus; do you think ſhe would ever jump up, with all her nicety too, and put by all theſe things, to go down into the greaſy kitchen, and plump up to the elbows in ſuet, like a cook, for a plumb pudding?"

"I need not plump up to the elbows, brother," ſaid Sophy, ſmiling; "nor is it neceſſary, that I ſhould be a cook;

but if it were neceſſary, I hope I ſhould be able to make a pudding."

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Marianne, warmly, "that ſhe would, jump up, and put by all her things in a minute, if it was neceſſary, and run down ſtairs and up again like lightning, or do any thing that was ever ſo diſagreeable to her, even about the ſuet, with all her nicety, brother, I aſſure you, as ſhe uſed to do any thing, every thing for me, when I was ill laſt winter. O, brother, ſhe can do any thing! and ſhe could make the beſt plumb pudding in the whole world, I'm ſure, in a minute, if it was neceſſary."

CHAP. II.

A KNOCK at the door from Mrs. Thereſa Tattle's ſervant recalled Marianne to the buſineſs of the day.

"There," ſaid Frederick, "we have ſent no anſwer all this time. It's neceſſary to think of that in a minute.

The ſervant came with his miſtreſs's compliments, to let the young ladies and Mr. Frederick know, that ſhe was waiting tea for them.

"Waiting! then we muſt go," ſaid Frederick.

The ſervant opened the door wider, to let him paſs, and Marianne thought

ſhe muſt follow her brother, ſo they went down ſtairs together, whilſt Sophy gave her own meſſage to the ſervant, and quietly ſtaid at her uſual occupations.

Mrs. Tattle was ſeated at her tea-table, with a large plate of macaroons beſide her, when Frederick and Marianne entered. She was "delighted" they were come, and "grieved" not to ſee Miſs Sophy along with them. Marianne coloured a little, for though ſhe had precipitately followed her brother, and though he had quieted her conſcience for a moment, by ſaying, "You know papa and mamma told us to do what we thought beſt," yet ſhe did not feel quite pleaſed with herſelf; and it was not till after Mrs. Thereſa had exhauſted all her compliments, and half

her macaroons, that ſhe could reſtore her ſpirits to their uſual height.

"Come, Mr. Frederick," ſaid ſhe, after tea, "you promiſed to make me laugh; and nobody can make me laugh ſo well as yourſelf."

"O, brother," ſaid Marianne, "ſhew Mrs. Thereſa Dr. Carbuncle eating his dinner, and I'll be Mrs. Carbuncle."

Marianne. Now, my dear, what ſhall I help you to?

Frederick. My dear! ſhe never calls him my dear, you know, but always Doctor.

Mar. Well then, Doctor, what will you eat to-day?

Fred. Eat, madam! Eat! Nothing! Nothing! I don't ſee any thing here that I can eat, ma'am.

Mar. Here's eels, ſir; let me help

you to ſome eel, ſtewed eel, ſir, you uſed to be fond of ſtewed eel.

Fred. Uſed, ma'am, uſed! But I'm ſick of ſtewed eels. You would tire one of any thing. Am I to ſee nothing but eels? And what's this at the bottom?

Mar. Mutton, doctor, roaſt mutton, if you'll be ſo good as to cut it.

Fred. Cut it, ma'am! I can't cut it, I ſay. It's as hard as a deal board. You might as well tell me to cut the table, ma'am. Mutton, indeed! not a bit of fat. Roaſt mutton, indeed! not a drop of gravy. Mutton, truly! quite a cinder. I'll have none of it.—Here, take it away; take it down ſtairs to the cook. It's a very hard caſe, Mrs. Carbuncle, that I can never have a bit of any thing that I can eat at my own table, Mrs. Carbuncle, ſince I was married ma'am.

I that am the eaſieſt man in the whole world to pleaſe about my dinner. It's really very extraordinary, Mrs. Carbuncle! What have you at that corner there, under the cover?

Mar. Patties, ſir; oyſter patties.

Fred. Patties, ma'am! kickſhaws! I hate kickſhaws. Not worth putting under a cover, ma'am. And why have not you glaſs covers, that one may ſee one's dinner before one, before it grows cold with aſking queſtions, Mrs. Carbuncle, and lifting up covers? But nobody has any ſenſe, and I ſee no waterplates any where lately.

Mar. Do, pray, doctor, let me help you to a bit of this chicken before it gets cold, my dear.

Fred. (*aſide.*) "My dear" again Marianne!

Mar. Yes, brother, becauſe ſhe is

frightened you know, and Mrs. Carbuncle always ſays "my dear" to him when ſhe's frightened, and looks ſo pale from ſide to ſide, and ſometimes ſhe cries before dinner's done; and then all the company are quite ſilent, and don't know what to do.

"O, ſuch a little creature! to have ſo much ſenſe too!" exclaimed Mrs, Thereſa with rapture. "Mr. Frederick, you'll make me die with laughing!—Pray go on, Doctor Carbuncle."

Fred. Well, ma'am, then if I muſt eat ſomething, ſend me a bit of fowl; a leg and wing, the liver-wing, and a bit of the breaſt, oyſter ſauce, and a ſlice of that ham, if you pleaſe ma'am.

[*Dr. Carbuncle eats voraciouſly, with his head down to his plate, and dropping the ſauce, he buttons up his coat tight acroſs the breaſt.*]

Fred. Here—A plate, knife and fork, bit o' bread, a glaſs of Dorcheſter ale!

"O, admirable!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle, clapping her hands.

"Now, brother, ſuppoſe that it is after dinner," ſaid Marianne, "and ſhew us how the doctor goes to ſleep."

Frederick threw himſelf back in an arm chair, leaning his head back, with his mouth open, ſnoring; nodded from time to time, croſſed and uncroſſed his legs, tried to waken himſelf by twitching his wig, ſettling his collar, blowing his noſe, and rapping on the lid of his ſnuff-box.

All which infinitely diverted Mrs. Tattle, who, when ſhe could ſtop herſelf from laughing, "declared it made her ſigh too, to think of the life poor Mrs. Carbuncle led with that man,

and all for nothing too, for her jointure was nothing, next to nothing, though a great thing to be ſure her friends thought for her, when ſhe was only Sally Ridgeway, before ſhe was married. Such a wife as ſhe makes! continued Mrs. Thereſa, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, and ſo much as ſhe has gone through, the brute ought to be aſhamed of himſelf, if he does not leave her ſomething extraordinary in his will; for turn it which way ſhe will, ſhe can never keep a carriage, or live like any body elſe on her jointure, after all, ſhe tells me, poor ſoul! A ſad proſpect after her huſband's death to look forward to, inſtead of being comfortable, as her friends expected; and ſhe, poor young thing, knowing no better, when they married her. People ſhould look into theſe things before

hand, or never marry at all, I ſay, Miſs Marianne."

Miſs Marianne, who did not clearly comprehend this affair of the jointure, or the reaſon why Mrs. Carbuncle would be ſo unhappy after her huſband's death, turned to Frederick, who was at that inſtant ſtudying Mrs. Thereſa as a future character to mimic, "Brother," ſaid Marianne, "now ſing an Italian ſong for us, like Miſs Croker. Pray, Miſs Croker, favour us with a ſong. Mrs. Thereſa Tattle has never had the pleaſure of hearing you ſing; ſhe's quite impatient to hear you ſing."

"Yes, indeed I am," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa.

Frederick put his hands before him affectedly; "O, indeed, ma'am! indeed, ladies! I really am ſo hoarſe, it diſtreſſes me ſo to be preſſed to ſing;

beſides, upon my word, I have quite left off ſinging. I've never ſung once, except for very particular people, this winter."

Mar. But Mrs. Thereſa Tattle is a very particular perſon, I'm ſure you'll ſing for her.

Fred. Certainly, ma'am, I allow you uſe a powerful argument; but I aſſure you now, I would do my beſt to oblige you, but I abſolutely have forgotten all my Engliſh ſongs. Nobody hears any thing but Italian now, and I have been ſo giddy, as to leave my Italian muſic behind me. Beſides, I make it a rule never to hazard myſelf without an accompaniment.

Mar. Oh, try, Miſs Croker, for once.

[*Frederick ſings, after much preluding.*]

Violante, in the pantry,
Gnawing of a mutton bone:
How ſhe gnawed it,
How ſhe clawed it,
When ſhe found herſelf alone.

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle; "ſo like Miſs Croker, I'm ſure I ſhall think of you, Mr. Frederick, when I hear her aſked to ſing again. Her voice, however, introduces her to very pleaſant parties, and ſhe's a girl that's very much taken notice of, and I don't doubt will go off vaſtly well. She's a particular favourite of mine, you muſt know; and I mean to do her a piece of ſervice the firſt opportunity, by ſaying ſomething or other, that ſhall go round to her relations in Northumberland, and make them do ſomething for her;

as well they may, for they are all rolling in gold, and won't give her a penny."

Mar. Now, brother, read the newſpaper like Counſellor Puff.

" O, pray do, Mr. Frederick, for I declare I admire you of all things! you are quite yourſelf to-night. Here's a newſpaper, ſir. Pray let us have Counſellor Puff. It's not late."

[*Frederick reads in a pompous voice.*]

" As a delicate white hand has ever been deemed a diſtinguiſhing ornament in either ſex, Meſſrs. Valiant and Wiſe conceive it to be their duty, to take the earlieſt opportunity to advertiſe the nobility and gentry of Great-Britain in general, and their friends in particular, that they have now ready for ſale, as uſual, at the Hippocrates's Head, a freſh aſſortment of new-invented, much-admired primroſe ſoap.—To prevent

impoſitions and counterfeits, the public are requeſted to take notice, that the only genuine primroſe ſoap is ſtamped on the outſide, "Valiant and Wiſe."

"O, you moſt incomparable Mimic! 'tis abſolutely the Counſellor himſelf. I abſolutely muſt ſhew you, ſome day, to my friend Lady Batterſby; you'd abſolutely make her die with laughing; and ſhe'd quite adore you," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, who was well aware, that every pauſe muſt be filled with flattery. "Pray go on, pray go on, I ſhall never be tired, if I were to ſit looking at you theſe hundred years."

Stimulated by theſe plaudits, Frederick proceeded to ſhew how Colonel Epaulette blew his noſe, flouriſhed his cambric handkerchief, bowed to Lady Di Periwinkle, and admired her work,

ſaying, "Done by no hands, as you may gueſs, but thoſe of Fairly Fair."—Whilſt Lady Di, he obſerved, ſimpered ſo prettily, and took herſelf ſo quietly for Fairly Fair, not perceiving, that the Colonel was admiring his own nails all the while.

Next to Colonel Epaulette, Frederick, at Marianne's particular deſire, came into the room like Sir Charles Slang.

"Very well, brother," cried ſhe, "your hand down to the very bottom of your pocket, and your other ſhoulder up to your ear; but you are not quite wooden enough, and you ſhould walk as if your hip was out of joint.—There now, Mrs. Tattle, are not thoſe good eyes; they ſtare ſo like his, without ſeeming to ſee any thing all the while."

"Excellent! admirable! Mr. Frederick, I muſt ſay you are the beſt Mimic of your age I ever ſaw, and I'm ſure Lady Batterſby will think ſo too. That is Sir Charles to the very life. But with all that, you muſt know he's a mighty pleaſant, faſhionable, young man, when you come to know him, and has a great deal of ſenſe under all that, and is of a very good family, the Slangs you know. Sir Charles will come into a fine fortune himſelf next year, if he can keep clear of gambling, which I hear is his foible, poor young man. Pray go on, I interrupt you, Mr. Frederick."

"Now Brother," ſaid Marianne.

"No, Marianne, I can do no more, I'm quite tired, and I will do no more," ſaid Frederick, ſtretching himſelf at full length upon a ſofa.

Even in the midſt of laughter, and whilſt the voice of flattery yet ſounded in his ear, Frederick felt ſad, diſpleaſed with himſelf, and diſguſted with Mrs. Thereſa.

"What a deep ſigh was there!"—ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, "what can make you ſigh ſo bitterly? you, who make every body elſe laugh. O, ſuch another ſigh again!"

"Marianne," cried Frederick, "do you remember the man in the maſk."

"What man in the maſk, brother?"

"The man—the actor—the buffoon, that my father told us of, who uſed to cry behind the maſk, that made every body elſe laugh."

"Cry! Bleſs me," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, "mighty odd! very extraordinary! but one can't be ſurpriſed at

meeting with extraordinary characters amongſt that race of people. Actors, by profeſſion, you know, who are brought up from the egg to make their fortune, or at leaſt their bread, by their oddities. But, my dear Mr. Frederick, you are quite pale, quite exhauſted—no wonder—what will you have, a glaſs of cowſlip wine?"

"O, no, thank you, ma'am," ſaid Frederick.

"O, yes; indeed you muſt not leave me without taking ſomething; and Miſs Marianne muſt have another macaroon; I inſiſt upon it," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, ringing the bell. "It is not late, and my man Chriſtopher will bring up the cowſlip wine in a minute."

"But Sophy! and papa and mam-

ma you know will come home juſt now." ſaid Marianne.

" O, Miſs Sophy has her books and drawings; you know, ſhe's never afraid of being alone; beſides, to-night it was her own choice; and as to your papa and mamma, they won't be home to-night, I'm pretty ſure, for a gentleman, who had it from their own authority, told me where they were going, which is farther off than they think, but they did not conſult me; and I fancy they'll be obliged to ſleep out, ſo you need not be in a hurry about them. We'll have candles."

The door opened juſt as Mrs. Tattle was going to ring the bell again for candles, and the cowſlip wine. " Chriſtopher! Chriſtopher!" ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, who was ſtanding at the fire, with

her back to the door when it opened, "Chriſtopher! pray bring——Do you hear?" But no Chriſtopher anſwered! and, upon turning round, Mrs. Tattle, inſtead of Chriſtopher, beheld two little black figures, which ſtood perfectly ſtill and ſilent. It was ſo dark, that their forms could ſcarcely be diſcerned.

"In the name of Heaven, who and what may you be? Speak, I conjure you! What are ye?"

"The chimney-ſweepers, ma'am, an' pleaſe your ladyſhip."

"Chimney-ſweepers," repeated Frederick and Marianne, burſting out a laughing.

"Chimney-ſweepers!" repeated Mrs. Thereſa, provoked at the recollection of her late ſolemn addreſs to them.—"Chimney-ſweepers! and could not you

ſay ſo a little ſooner? And pray what brings you here, gentlemen, at this time of night?"

"The bell rang, ma'am," anſwered the ſqueaking voice.

"The bell rang! yes, for Chriſtopher. The boy's mad or drunk."

"Ma'am," ſaid the talleſt of the chimney-ſweepers, who had not yet ſpoken, and who now began in a very blunt manner; "Ma'am, your brother deſired us to come up when the bell rang; ſo we did."

"My brother, I have no brother, dunce," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa.

"Mr. Eden, madam."

"O, ho!" ſaid Mrs. Tattle, in a more complacent tone, "the boy takes me for Miſs Birtha Eden, I perceive;" and, flattered to be taken in the dark, by a chimney-ſweeper, for a young and

handſome lady, Mrs. Thereſa laughed and informed him, "that they had miſtaken the room; that they muſt go up another pair of ſtairs, and turn to the left."

The chimney-ſweeper with the ſqueaking voice bowed, thanked her ladyſhip for this information, ſaid "Good night to ye, quality;" and they both moved towards the door.

"Stay," ſaid Mrs. Tattle, whoſe curioſity was excited, "What can the Edens want with chimney-ſweepers at this time o'night, I wonder? Chriſtopher, did you hear any thing about it?" ſaid the lady to her footman, who was now lighting the candles.

"Upon my word, ma'am," ſaid the ſervant, "I can't ſay, but I'll ſtep down below and inquire. I heard them talking about it in the kitchen, but I only

got a word here and there, for I was hunting for the ſnuff-diſh, as I knew it muſt be for candles, when I heard the bell ring, ma'am, ſo I thought to find the ſnuff-diſh, before I anſwered the bell, for I knew it muſt be for candles you rang. But, if you pleaſe, I'll ſtep down now, ma'am, and ſee about the chimney-ſweeps."

"Yes, ſtep down do, and, Chriſtopher, bring up the cowſlip wine, and ſome more macaroons for my little Marianne."

Marianne withdrew rather coldly from a kiſs, which Mrs. Tattle was going to give her, for ſhe was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the familiarity, with which this lady talked to her footman. She had not been uſed to theſe manners in her father and mother, and ſhe did not like them.

"Well," ſaid Mrs. Tattle to Chriſtopher, who was now returned, "what is the news?"

"Ma'am, the little fellow with the ſqueaking voice has been telling me the whole ſtory. The other morning, ma'am, early, he and the other were down the hill, ſweeping in Paradiſe-row; thoſe chimnies, they ſay, are difficult; and the ſquare fellow, ma'am, the biggeſt of the two boys, got wedged in the chimney; the other little fellow was up at the top at the time, and he heard the cry, but in his fright, and all, he did not know what to do, ma'am, for he looked about from the top of the chimney, and not a ſoul could he ſee ſtirring, but a few that he could not make mind his ſcreech. The boy within almoſt ſtifling too. So he ſcreeched, and ſcreeched, all he could; and by the greateſt chance

in life, ma'am, old Mr. Eden was juſt going down the hill to fetch his morning walk."

"Aye," interrupted Mrs. Thereſa, "friend Ephraim is one of your early riſers."

"Well," ſaid Marianne, impatiently.

"So, ma'am, hearing the ſcreech, he turns and ſees the ſweep, and the moment he underſtands the matter——

"I'm ſure he muſt have taken ſome time to underſtand it," interpoſed Mrs. Tattle, "for he's the ſloweſt creature breathing, and the deafeſt in company. Go on, Chriſtopher. So the ſweep did make him hear?"

"So he ſays, ma'am; and ſo the old gentleman went in, and pulled the boy out of the chimney, with much ado, ma'am."

"Bleſs me!" exclaimed Mrs. Thereſa, "but did old Eden go up the chimney himſelf after the boy, wig and all."

"Why, ma'am," ſaid Chriſtopher, with a look of great delight, "that was all as one, as the very 'dentical words I put to the boy myſelf, when he telled me his ſtory. But, ma'am, that was what I could n't get out of him neither, rightly, for he is a churl; the big boy, that was ſtuck in the chimney, I mean; for when I put the queſtion to him about the wig, laughing like, he would n't take it laughing like at all, but would only make anſwer to us like a bear, "He ſaved my life, that's all I know;"—and this over again, ma'am, to all the kitchen round, that croſs-queſ-

tioned him. So, when I finds him ſo ſtupid and ill-mannered like (for I offered him a ſhilling, ma'am, myſelf, to tell about the wig) but he put it back in a ways that did not become ſuch as he, to no lady's butler, ma'am; whereupon I turns to the ſlim fellow, and he's ſmarterer, and more mannerly, ma'am, with a tongue in his head for his betters, but he could not reſolve me my queſtion neither, for he was up at the top of the chimney the beſt part o' the time; and when he came down, Mr. Eden had his wig on, but had his arm all bare and bloody, ma'am."

"Poor Mr. Eden," exclaimed Marianne.

"O, Miſs," continued the ſervant, "and the chimney-ſweep himſelf

was ſo bruiſed, and muſt have been killed."

"Well, well! but he's alive now; go on with your ſtory, Chriſtopher," ſaid Mrs. T. "Chimney-ſweepers get wedged in chimnies every day, it's part of their trade, and it's a happy thing when they come off with a few bruiſes. To be ſure," added ſhe, obſerving that both Frederick and Marianne looked diſpleaſed at this ſpeech, "to be ſure, if one may believe this ſtory, there was ſome real danger."

"Real danger! yes, indeed," ſaid Marianne, "and I'm ſure I think Mr. Eden was very good."

"Certainly, it was a moſt commendable action, and quite providential; ſo I ſhall take an opportunity

of ſaying, when I tell the ſtory in all companies; and the boy may thank his kind ſtars, I'm ſure, to the end of his days, for ſuch an eſcape.—— But, pray, Chriſtopher," ſaid ſhe, perſiſting in her converſation with Chriſtopher, who was now laying the cloth for ſupper,—" Pray which houſe was it in Paradiſe-row? where the Eagles, or the Miſs Ropers lodge? or which?"

" It was at my Lady Batterſby's, ma'am."

" Ha! ha!" cried Mrs. Thereſa, " I thought we ſhould get to the bottom of the affair at laſt. This is excellent! This will make an admirable ſtory for my Lady Batterſby the next time I ſee her. Theſe quakers are ſo ſly!—Old Eden, I know, has

long wanted to get himſelf introduced in that houſe, and a charming charitable expedient he hit upon! My Lady Batterſby will enjoy this of all things."

CHAP. III.

"NOW," continued Mrs. Thereſa, turning to Frederick, as ſoon as the ſervant had left the room, "now, Mr. Frederick Montague, I have a favour—ſuch a favour to aſk of you—it's a favour which only you can grant; you have ſuch talents, and would do the thing ſo admirably! and my lady Batterſby would quite adore you for it. She will do me the honour to be here to ſpend an evening to-morrow. I'm convinced Mr. and Mrs. Montague will find themſelves obliged to ſtay out another day; and I ſo long to ſhew you

off to her ladyſhip; and your doctor Carbuncle, and your counſellor Puff, and your Miſs Croker, and all your charming characters. You muſt let me introduce you to her ladyſhip to-morrow evening. Promiſe me."—

"O, ma'am," ſaid Frederick, "I cannot promiſe you any ſuch thing, indeed. I am much obliged to you; but I cannot come, indeed."

"Why not, my dear ſir? Why not? You don't think I mean you ſhould promiſe, if you are certain your Papa and Mamma will be home."

"If they do come home, I will aſk them about it," ſaid Frederick, heſitating; for though he by no means wiſhed to accept of the invitation, he had not yet acquired the neceſſary power of ſaying NO, decidedly.

"Aſk them!" repeated Mrs. Thereſa,

" my dear ſir, at your age, muſt you aſk your Papa and Mamma about ſuch things?"

" Muſt! no, ma'am," ſaid Frederick; " but I ſaid I would; I know I need not, becauſe my father and mother always let me judge for myſelf about every thing almoſt."

" And about this I am ſure," cried Marianne; Papa and Mamma, you know, juſt as they were going away, ſaid, " If Mrs. Thereſa aſks you to come, do as you think beſt."

" Well then," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, " you know it reſts with yourſelves, if you may do as you pleaſe."

" To be ſure I may, Madam," ſaid Frederick, colouring from that ſpecies of emotion, which is juſtly called falſe ſhame, and which often conquers real ſhame;

"to be ſure, ma'am, I may do as I pleaſe."

"Then I may make ſure of you," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, "for now it would be downright rudeneſs, to tell a lady you won't do as ſhe pleaſes. Mr. Frederick Montague, I'm ſure, is too well bred a young gentleman, to do ſo impolite, ſo ungallant a thing!"

The jargon of politeneſs and gallantry is frequently brought by the ſilly acquaintance of young people, to confuſe their ſimple morality and clear good ſenſe. A new and unintelligible ſyſtem is preſented to them, in a language foreign to their underſtanding, and contradictory to their feelings. They heſitate between new motives and old principles; from the fear of being thought ignorant, they become affected; and

from the dread of being thought to be children, act like fools. But all this they feel only when they are in the company of ſuch people as Mrs. Thereſa Tattle.

"Ma'am," Frederick began, "I don't mean to be rude; but I hope you'll excuſe me from coming to drink tea with you to-morrow, becauſe my father and mother are not acquainted with lady Batterſby, and may be they might not like——

"Take care, take care," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, laughing at his perplexity, "you want to get off from obliging me, and you don't know how. You had very nearly made a moſt ſhocking blunder, in putting it all upon poor lady Batterſby. Now you know it's impoſſible Mr. and Mrs. Montague could have in nature the ſlighteſt objection

to my introducing you to my lady Batterſby at my own houſe; for don't you know, that, beſides her ladyſhip's many unexceptionable qualities, which one need not talk of, ſhe is couſin, but once removed, to the Trotters of Lancaſhire, your mother's great favourites. And there is not a perſon at the Wells, I'll venture to ſay, could be of more advantage to your ſiſter Sophy, in the way of partners, when ſhe comes to go to the balls, which it's to be ſuppoſed ſhe will ſome time or other; and as you are ſo good a brother, that's a thing to be looked to, you know. Beſides, as to yourſelf, there's nothing her ladyſhip delights in ſo much as in a good mimic; and ſhe'll quite adore you!"

"But I don't want her to adore me, ma'am," ſaid Frederick, bluntly; then, correcting himſelf, added, "I mean for being a mimic."

"Why not, my love? Between friends can there be any harm in ſhewing one's talents, you that have ſuch talents to ſhew? She'll keep your ſecret, I'll anſwer for her; and," added ſhe, "you need n't be afraid of her criticiſm; for, between you and I, ſhe's no great critic; ſo you'll come. Well, thank you, that's ſettled. How you have made me beg and pray; but you know your own value, I ſee, as you entertaining people always do. One muſt aſk a wit, like a fine finger, ſo often. Well, but now for the favour I was going to aſk you."

Frederick looked ſurpriſed; for he thought, that the favour of his company was what ſhe meant; but ſhe explained herſelf farther.

"The old Quaker who lodges above, Old Ephraim Eden, my lady Batterſby

and I have ſo much diverſion about him; he is the beſt character, the oddeſt creature! If you were but to ſee him come into the rooms with thoſe ſtiff ſkirts, or walking with his eternal ſiſter Birtha, and his everlaſting broad-brimmed hat, one knows him a mile off. But then his voice, and way, and all together, if one could get them to the life, they'd be better than any thing on the ſtage; better even than any thing I've ſeen to-night; and I think you'd make a capital Quaker for my lady Batterſby; but then the thing is, one can never get to hear the old Quiz talk. Now you who have ſo much invention and cleverneſs; I have no invention myſelf, but could not you hit upon ſome way of getting to ſee him, ſo that you might get him by heart. I'm ſure you, who are ſo quick, would only want to ſee him, and

hear for half a minute, tobe able to take him off, ſo as to kill one with laughing. But I have no invention.

"O, as to the invention," ſaid Frederick, "I know an admirable way of doing the thing, if that was all. But then remember, I don't ſay I will do the thing; for I will not. But I know a way of getting up into his room, and ſeeing him, without his knowing I was there."

"O tell it me, you charming, clever creature!"

"But remember, I do not ſay I will do it."

"Well, well, let us hear it, and you ſhall do as you pleaſe afterwards."

"Merciful goodneſs!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle, "do my ears deceive me? I declare I looked round, and thought the ſqueaking chimney-ſweeper was in the room."

"So did I, Frederick, I declare," cried Marianne, laughing. "I never heard any thing ſo like his voice in my life."

Frederick imitated the ſqueaking voice of this chimney-ſweeper to great perfection.

"Now," continued he, "this fellow is juſt my height; the old Quaker, if my face were blackened, and if I were to change clothes with the chimney-ſweeper, I'll anſwer for it, would never know me."

"O, it's an admirable invention! I give you infinite credit for it!" exclaimed Mrs. Thereſa. "It ſhall, it muſt be done: I'll ring, and have the fellow up this minute."

"O, no; do not ring," ſaid Frederick, ſtopping her hand, "I don't mean to do it. You know you pro-

miſed that I ſhould do as I pleaſed; I only told you my invention."

"Well, well, but only let me ring, and aſk whether the chimney-ſweepers are below: you ſhall do as you pleaſe afterwards."

"Chriſtopher, ſhut the door; Chriſtopher," ſaid ſhe to the ſervant, who came up when ſhe rang, "Pray are the ſweeps gone yet?"

"No, ma'am."

"But have they been up to old Eden yet?"

"O, no, ma'am; nor be not to go till the bell rings; for Miſs Birtha, ma'am, was aſleep, laying down, and her brother would n't have her wakened on no account whatſomever; he came down his ſelf to the kitchen to the ſweeps though; but would n't have, as I heard him ſay, his ſiſter waked for

no account. But Miſs Birtha's bell will ring, when ſhe wakens, for the ſweeps, ma'am, 'twas ſhe wanted to ſee the boy as her brother ſaved, and I ſuppoſe ſent for 'em, to give 'em ſomething charitable, ma'am."

"Well, never mind your ſuppoſitions," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, "run down this very minute to the little ſqueaking chimney-ſweep, and ſend him up to me. Quick, but don't let the other bear come up with him."

Chriſtopher, who had curioſity as well as his miſtreſs, when he returned with the chimney-ſweeper, prolonged his own ſtay in the room, by ſweeping the hearth, throwing down the tongs and ſhovel, and picking them up again.

"That will do, Chriſtopher; Chriſtopher, that will do, I ſay," Mrs. Thereſa repeated in vain. She was obliged

to ſay, "Chriſtopher, you may go," before he would depart.

"Now," ſaid ſhe to Frederick, "ſtep in here to the next room, with this candle, and you'll be equipped in an inſtant. Only juſt change clothes with the boy; only juſt let me ſee what a charming chimney-ſweeper you'd make; you ſhall do as you pleaſe afterwards."

"Well, I'll only change clothes with him, juſt to ſhew you for one minute.

"But," ſaid Marianne to Mrs. Thereſa, whilſt Frederick was changing his clothes, "I think Frederick is right about——"

"About what—love?"

"I think he is in the right not to go up, though he can do it ſo eaſily, to ſee that gentleman, I mean on purpoſe

to mimic and laugh at him afterwards; I don't think that would be quite right."

"Why, pray, Miſs Marianne?"

"Why, becauſe he is ſo good natured to his ſiſter. He would not let her be wakened."

"Dear, it's eaſy to be good in ſuch little things; and he won't have long to be good to her neither; for I don't think ſhe'll trouble him long in this world any how."

"What do you mean?" ſaid Marianne.

"That ſhe'll die, child."

"Die! die with that beautiful colour in her cheeks! How ſorry her poor, poor brother will be. But ſhe will not die, I'm ſure, for ſhe walks about, and runs up ſtairs ſo lightly!

O you muſt be quite entirely miſtaken, I hope."

"If I'm miſtaken, Dr. Panado Cardamom's miſtaken too then, that's my comfort. He ſays, unleſs the waters work a miracle, ſhe ſtands a bad chance; and ſhe won't follow my advice, and conſult the Doctor for her health.

"He would frighten her to death, perhaps," ſaid Marianne. "I hope Frederick won't go up to diſturb her."

"Lud, child, you are turned ſimpleton all of a ſudden, how can your brother diſturb her more than the real chimney-ſweeper?"

"But I don't think it's right," perſiſted Marianne, "and I ſhall tell him ſo."

"Nay, Miſs Marianne, I don't commend you now; young ladies ſhould not be ſo forward, to give opinions

and advice to their elder brothers unaſked; and Mr. Frederick and I, I preſume, muſt know what's right, as well as Miſs Marianne. Huſh! here he is!—O the capital figure, cried Mrs. Thereſa!—Bravo! Bravo! cried ſhe, as Frederick entered in the chimney-ſweeper's dreſs: and as he ſpoke, ſaying,

"I'm afraid, pleaſe your ladyſhip, to dirty your ladyſhip's carpet,"

She broke out into immoderate raptures, calling him "her charming chimney-ſweeper!" and repeating, that ſhe knew before hand the character would do for him.

She inſtantly rung the bell in ſpite of all expoſtulation—ordered Chriſtopher to ſend up the other chimney-ſweeper—triumphed in obſerving, that Chriſtopher did not in the leaſt know Frede-

rick, when he came into the room; and offered to lay any wager, that the other chimney-ſweeper would miſtake him for his companion.—And ſo he did; and when Frederick ſpoke, the voice was ſo very like, that it was ſcarcely poſſible, that he ſhould have perceived the difference.

Marianne was diverted by this ſcene, but ſhe ſtarted, when in the midſt of it they heard a bell ring.

"That's the lady's bell, and we muſt go," ſaid the blunt chimney-ſweeper.

"Go, then, about your buſineſs, and here's a ſhilling for you to drink, my honeſt fellow. I did not know you were ſo much bruiſed when I firſt ſaw you—I won't detain you. Go," ſaid ſhe, puſhing Frederick towards the door.

Marianne ſprang forward to ſpeak to him; but Mrs. Thereſa kept her off; and though Frederick reſiſted, the lady

ſhut the door upon him by ſuperior force; and having locked it, there was no retreat.

Mrs. Tattle and Marianne waited impatiently for Frederick's return.

"I hear them," cried Marianne. "I hear them coming down ſtairs."

They liſtened again, and all was ſilent.

At length they heard ſuddenly a great noiſe of many ſteps, and many voices in confuſion in the hall.

"Merciful!" exclaimed Mrs. Thereſa. "it muſt be your father and mother come back."

Marianne ran to unlock the room door, and Mrs. Thereſa followed her into the hall.

The hall was rather dark, but under the lamp a crowd of people. All the

ſervants in the houſe were gathered together.

As Mrs. Thereſa approached, the crowd opened in ſilence, and ſhe beheld in the midſt Frederick, blood ſtreaming from his face; his head was held by Chriſtopher, and the chimney-ſweeper was holding a baſon for him.

"Merciful! Gracious Heaven! what will become of me!" exclaimed Mrs. Thereſa. "Bleeding! good God! he'll bleed to death! Can nobody think of any thing, that will ſtop blood in a minute? A key, a large key down his back; a key—has nobody a key? Mr. and Mrs. Montague will be here before he has done bleeding. A key! cobwebs! a puff-ball! for mercy's ſake! Can nobody think of any thing, that will ſtop blood in a minute! Gracious me! he'll bleed to death, I believe."

"He'll bleed to death! O my brother!" cried Marianne, catching hold of the words, and terrified, ſhe ran up ſtairs, crying, "Sophy! O Sophy!—come down this minute, or he'll be dead! my brother's bleeding to death. Sophy! Sophy! come down, or he'll be dead!"

"Let go the baſon, you," ſaid Chriſtopher, pulling the baſon out of the chimney-ſweeper's hand, who had all this time ſtood in ſilence, "you are not fit, to hold the baſon for a gentleman."

"Let him hold it," ſaid Frederick, "he did not mean to hurt me."

"That's more than he deſerves. I'm certain ſure he might have known well enough it was Mr. Frederick all the time, and he'd no buſineſs to go to fight —ſuch a one as he, with a gentleman."

"I did not know he was a gentleman," ſaid the chimney-ſweeper, "How could I?"

"How could he indeed?" ſaid Frederick, "he ſhall hold the baſon."

"Gracious me! I'm glad to hear him ſpeak like himſelf again, at any rate, cried Mrs. Thereſa. "Lord bleſs us! and here comes Miſs Sophy too."

"Sophy!" cried Frederick, "O, Sophy! don't you come—don't look at me, you'll deſpiſe me."

"My brother!—where? where?" ſaid Sophy, looking, as ſhe thought, at the two chimney-ſweepers.

"It's Frederick," ſaid Marianne, "that's my brother."

"Miſs Sophy, don't be alarmed." Mrs. Thereſa began, "but gracious goodneſs, I wiſh Miſs Birtha——"

At this inſtant a female figure in white

appeared upon the ſtairs; ſhe paſſed ſwiftly on, whilſt every one gave way before her.

"O, Miſs Birtha!" cried Mrs. Thereſa, catching hold of her gown to ſtop her, as ſhe came near Frederick, "O, Miſs Eden, your beautiful India muſlin! take care of the chimney-ſweeper, for Heaven's ſake."—But ſhe preſſed forwards.

"It's my brother; will he die?" cried Marianne, throwing her arms round her, and looking up as if to a being of a ſuperior order, "Will he bleed to death?"

"No, my love!" anſwered a ſweet voice, "do not frighten thyſelf."

"I've done bleeding," ſaid Frederick.

"Dear me, Miſs Marianne, if you would not make ſuch a rout," cried

Mrs. Tattle. "Miſs Birtha, it's nothing but a frolic. You ſee Mr. Frederick Montague only in a maſquerade dreſs. Nothing in the world but a frolic, ma'am. You ſee he ſtops bleeding. I was frightened out of my wits at firſt; I thought it was his eye, but I ſee it is only his noſe; all's well that ends well. Mr. Frederick, we'll keep your counſel. Pray, ma'am, let us aſk no queſtions, it's only a boyiſh frolic. Come, Mr. Frederick, this way, into my room, and I'll give you a towel, and ſome clean water, and you can get rid of this maſquerade dreſs. Make haſte, for fear your father and mother ſhould pop in upon us."

"Do not be afraid of thy father and mother, they are ſurely thy beſt friends," ſaid a mild voice. It was the voice of

an elderly gentleman, who now ſtood behind Frederick.

"O, ſir! O, Mr. Eden!" ſaid Frederick, turning to him——

"Don't betray me! for goodneſs ſake, ſay nothing about me," whiſpered Mrs. Tattle.

"I am not thinking about you—Let me ſpeak," cried he, puſhing away her hand which ſtopped his mouth, "I ſhall ſay nothing about you, I promiſe you," ſaid Frederick, with a look of contempt.

"No, but for your own ſake, my dear ſir, your papa and mamma! Bleſs me! is not that Mrs. Montagues carriage?"

"My brother, ma'am," ſaid Sophy, "is not afraid of my father and mother's coming back. Let him ſpeak—he was going to ſpeak the truth."

"To be ſure, Miſs Sophy, I would

n't hinder him from ſpeaking the truth; but it's not proper, I preſume, ma'am, to ſpeak truth at all times, and in all places, and before every body, ſervants and all. I only wanted, ma'am, to hinder your brother from expoſing himſelf. A hall, I apprehend, is not a proper place for explanations."

"Here," ſaid Mr. Eden, opening the door of his room, which was on the oppoſite ſide of the hall to Mrs. Tattle's, "Here is a place," ſaid he to Frederick, "where thou mayeſt ſpeak the truth at all times, and before every body."

"Nay, my room's at Mr. Frederick Montague's ſervice, and my doot's open too. This way, pray," ſaid ſhe, pulling his arm.

But Frederick broke from her, and followed Mr. Eden.

"O, ſir, will you forgive me!" cried he.

"Forgive thee!—and what have I to forgive?"

"Forgive, brother, without aſking what," ſaid Birtha, ſmiling.

"He ſhall know all," cried Frederick; "all that concerns myſelf, I mean. Sir, I diſguiſed myſelf in this dreſs; I came up to your room to-night on purpoſe to ſee you, without your knowing it, that I might mimic you. The chimney-ſweeper, where is he?" ſaid Frederick, looking round, and he ran into the hall to ſee for him—"May he come in? he may—he is a brave, an honeſt, good, grateful boy. He never gueſſed who I was; after we left you, we went down to the kitchen together, and there I, fool that I was, for the pleaſure of making Mr. Chriſtopher and the ſer-

vants laugh, began to mimic you. This boy ſaid, he would not ſtand by and hear you laughed at;—that you had ſaved his life;—that I ought to be aſhamed of myſelf;—that you had juſt given me half-a-crown:—and ſo you had;—but I went on, and told him, I'd knock him down, if he ſaid another word.—He did, I gave the firſt blow—we fought—I came to the ground—the ſervants pulled me up again.—They found out, I do'nt know how, that I was not a chimney-ſweeper—the reſt you ſaw. And now can you forgive me, ſir," ſaid Frederick to Mr. Eden, ſeizing hold of his hand.

"The other hand, friend," ſaid the quaker, gently withdrawing his right hand, which every body now obſerved was much ſwelled, and putting it into his boſom again—"This and welcome,"

offering his other hand to Frederick, and ſhaking his with a ſmile,

"O that other hand!" ſaid Frederick, "that was hurt, I remember.—How ill I have behaved—extremely ill. But this is a leſſon, that I ſhall never forget as long as I live. I hope for the future I ſhall behave like a gentleman."

"And like a man—and like a good man, I am ſure thou wilt," ſaid the good quaker, ſhaking Frederick's hand affectionately, "or I am much miſtaken, friend, in that black countenance."

"You are not miſtaken," cried Marianne, "Frederick will never be perſuaded again by any body, to do what he does not think right; and, now, brother, you may waſh your black countenance."

Juſt when Frederick had gotten rid of

half his black countenance, a double knock was heard at the door. It was Mr. and Mrs. Montague.

"What will you do now?" whiſpered Mrs. Thereſa to Frederick, as his father and mother came into the room.

"A chimney-ſweeper! covered with blood!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Montague.

"Father, I am Frederick," ſaid he, ſtepping forward towards them, as they ſtood in aſtoniſhment.

"Frederick! my ſon!"

"Yes, mother, I'm not hurt half ſo much as I deſerve; I'll tell you——"

"Nay," interrupted Birtha, "let my brother tell the ſtory this time,—thou haſt told it once, and told it well—no one but my brother could tell it better."

"A ſtory never tells ſo well the ſecond time, to be ſure," ſaid Mrs. Thereſa, "but Mr. Eden will certainly make the beſt of it."

Without taking any notice of Mrs. Tattle, or her apprehenſive looks, Mr. Eden explained all that he knew of the affair in a few words, "your ſon," concluded he, "will quickly put off this dirty dreſs—the dreſs hath not ſtained the mind—that is fair and honourable. When he felt himſelf in the wrong, he ſaid ſo; nor was he in haſte to conceal his adventure from his father; this made me think well of both father and ſon.—I ſpeak plainly, friend, for that is beſt. But what is become of the other chimney-ſweeper? he will want to go home," ſaid Mr. Eden, turning to Mrs. Thereſa.

Without making any reply, ſhe hurried out of the room as faſt as poſſible,

and returned in a few moments, with a look of extreme conſternation.

"Good Heaven! here is a cataſtrophe, indeed!—now indeed, Mr. Frederick, your papa and mamma have reaſon to be angry. A new ſuit of clothes!—the bare-faced villain!—gone!—no ſign of them in my cloſet, or any where—the door was locked—he muſt have gone up the chimney, out upon the leads, and ſo eſcaped; but Chriſtopher is after him., I proteſt, Mrs. Montague, you take it too quietly.—The wretch!—a new ſuit of clothes, blue coat and buff waiſtcoat.—I never heard of ſuch a thing!—I declare, Mr. Montague, you are vaſtly good now, not to be in a paſſion," added Mrs. Thereſa.

"Madam," replied Mr. Montague, with a look of much civil contempt, "I think the loſs of a ſuit of clothes,

and even the diſgrace that my ſon has been brought to this evening, fortunate circumſtances in his education. He will, I am perſuaded, judge and act for himſelf more wiſely in future; nor will he be tempted to offend againſt humanity, for the ſake of being called, "The beſt Mimic in the World."

MADE-

MADEMOISELLE PANACHE.

PART I.

MRS. TEMPLE had two daughters, Emma and Helen; she had taken a great deal of care of their education, and they were very fond of their mother, and particularly happy whenever she had leisure to converse with them: they used to tell her every thing, that they thought and felt; so that she had it in her power early to correct, or rather to teach them to correct any little faults in their disposition, and to rectify those errors of judgment, to which young people, from want of experience, are so liable.

Mrs. Temple lived in the country, and her ſociety was compoſed of a few intimate friends; ſhe wiſhed, eſpecially during the education of her children, to avoid the numerous inconveniences of what is called an extenſive acquaintance. However, as her children grew older, it was neceſſary, that they ſhould be accuſtomed to ſee a variety of characters, and ſtill more neceſſary, that they ſhould learn to judge of them. There was little danger of Emma's being hurt by the firſt impreſſions of new faces and new ideas; but Helen, of a more vivacious temper, had not yet acquired her ſiſter's good ſenſe. We muſt obſerve, that Helen was a little diſpoſed to be fond of novelty, and ſometimes formed a prodigiouſly high opinion of perſons, whom ſhe had ſeen but for a

few hours. "Not to admire," was an art, which ſhe had to learn.

When Helen was between eleven and twelve years old, Lady S—— returned from abroad, and came to reſide at her country ſeat, which was very near Mrs. Temple's. This lady had a daughter, Lady Auguſta, who was a little older than Helen. One morning a fine coach drove to the door, and Lady S— and her daughter were announced.—We ſhall not ſay any thing at preſent of either of the ladies, except that Helen was much delighted with them, and talked of nothing elſe to her ſiſter all the reſt of the day.

The next morning, as theſe two ſiſters were ſitting at work in their mother's dreſſing-room, the following converſation began:

"Sister, do you like pink or blue the the beſt?" ſaid Helen.

"I don't know; blue, I think."

"O blue to be ſure. Mother, which do you like beſt?"

"Why 'tis a queſtion of ſuch importance, that I muſt have time to deliberate; I am afraid I like pink the beſt."

"Pink! dear, that's very odd!—But, mamma, didn't you think yeſterday, that Lady Anguſta's ſaſh was a remarkably pretty pale blue?"

"Yes; I thought it was very pretty; but as I have ſeen a great many ſuch ſaſhes, I did not think it was any thing very remarkable."

"Well, perhaps it was not remarkably pretty; but you'll allow, ma'am, that it was very well put on."

"It was put on as other ſaſhes are, as well as I remember."

"I like Lady Auguſta exceedingly, mother."

"What! becauſe ſhe has a blue ſaſh?"

"No, I'm not quite ſo ſilly as that," ſaid Helen, laughing; "not becauſe ſhe has a blue ſaſh."

"Why then did you like her? becauſe it was well put on?"

"O, no, no."

"Why then?"

"Why! mamma, why do you aſk why?—I can't tell why.—You know one often likes and diſlikes people at firſt without exactly knowing why."

"One! whom do you mean by one?"

"Myſelf, and every body."

"You, perhaps, but not every body;

for only ſilly people like and diſlike without any reaſon."

"But I hope I'm not one of the ſilly people; I only meant, that I had no thought about it: I dare ſay, if I were to think about it, I ſhould be able to give you a great many reaſons."

"I ſhall be contented with one good one, Helen."

"Well then, ma'am, in the firſt place, I liked her becauſe ſhe was ſo good-humoured."

"You ſaw her but for one half hour. Are you ſure, that ſhe is good-humoured?"

"No, ma'am; but I'm ſure ſhe looked very good humoured."

"That's another affair; however, I acknowlege it is reaſonable, to feel diſpoſed to like any one, who has a good-humoured countenance, becauſe the temper

has, I believe, a very ſtrong influence upon certain muſcles of the face; and, Helen, though you are no great phyſiognomiſt, we will take it for granted, that you were not miſtaken; now I did not think Lady Auguſta had a remarkably good-tempered countenance, but I hope that I am miſtaken; was this your only reaſon for liking her exceedingly?"

"No, not my only reaſon; I liked her——becauſe——becauſe——indeed, ma'am," ſaid Helen, growing a little impatient at finding herſelf unable to arrange her own ideas, "indeed, ma'am, I don't juſt remember any thing in particular, but I know I thought her very agreeable altogether."

"Saying that you think a perſon very agreeable *altogether*, may be a common mode of expreſſion, but I am

obliged to inform you, that it is no reaſon, nor do I exactly comprehend what it means, unleſs it means, in other words, that you don't chooſe to be at the trouble of thinking. I am ſadly afraid, Helen, that you muſt be content at laſt, to be ranked among the ſilly ones, who like and diſlike without knowing why. —Hey, Helen?"

"O, no indeed, mother," ſaid Helen, putting down her work.

"My dear, I am ſorry to diſtreſs you; but what are become of the *great many* good reaſons?"

"O, I have them ſtill; but then I'm afraid to tell them, becauſe Emma will laugh at me."

"No, indeed, I won't laugh," ſaid Emma—"beſides, if you pleaſe, I can go away."

"No, no, ſit ſtill; I will tell them

directly.—Why, mother, you know, before we ſaw Lady Auguſta, every body told us how pretty, and accompliſhed, and agreeable ſhe was."

"Every body!—nobody that I remember," ſaid Emma, "but Mrs. H. and Miſs K."

"O, indeed, ſiſter, and Lady M. too."

"Well, and Lady M. that makes three."

"But are three people every body?"

"No, to be ſure," ſaid Helen, a little diſconcerted; "but you promiſed not to laugh at me, Emma.—However, mother, without joking, I am ſure Lady Auguſta is very accompliſhed at leaſt. Do you know, ma'am, ſhe has a French governeſs? But I forget her name."

"Never mind her name, it is little to the purpoſe."

"O, but I recollect it now; Mademoiſelle Panache."

"Why undoubtedly Lady Auguſta's having a French governeſs, and her name being Mademoiſelle Panache, are incontrovertible proofs of the excellence of her education; but I think you ſaid you were ſure, that ſhe was very accompliſhed; what do you mean by accompliſhed?"

"Why, that ſhe dances extremely well, and that ſhe ſpeaks French and Italian, and that ſhe draws exceedingly well indeed; takes likeneſſes, mamma! likeneſſes in miniature, mother!"

"You ſaw them, I ſuppoſe?"

"Saw them! No, I did not ſee them, but I heard of them."

"That's a ſingular method of judging of pictures."

"But, however, ſhe certainly plays

extremely well upon the piano-forte, and underſtands muſic perfectly. I have a particular reaſon for knowing this, however."

"You did not hear her play?"

"No; but I ſaw an Italian ſong written in her own hand, and ſhe told me, ſhe ſet it to muſic herſelf."

"You ſaw her muſic, and heard her drawings;—excellent proofs!—Well, but her dancing?"

"Why, ſhe told me the name of her dancing-maſter, and it ſounded like a foreign name."

"So, I ſuppoſe, he muſt be a good one," ſaid Emma, laughing.

"But, ſeriouſly, I do believe ſhe is ſenſible."

"Well: your cauſe of belief?"

"Why, I aſked her if ſhe had read much hiſtory, and ſhe anſwered, 'a

little;' but I ſaw by her look, ſhe meant *a great deal.*"

"Nay, Emma! you are laughing now; I ſaw you ſmile."

"Forgive her, Helen, indeed it was very difficult to help it," ſaid Mrs. Temple.

"Well, mother," ſaid Helen, "I believe I have been a little haſty in my judgment, and all my good reaſons are reduced to nothing: I dare ſay all this time Lady Auguſta is very ignorant, and very ill-natured."

"Nay; now you are going into the oppoſite extreme: it is poſsible, ſhe may have all the accompliſhments, and good qualities, which you firſt imagined her to have: I only meant to ſhew you, that you had no proofs of them hitherto."

"But, ſurely, mother, it would be but good-natured, to believe a ſtranger

to be amiable and ſenſible, when we know nothing to the contrary; ſtrangers may be as good as the people we have known all our lives; ſo it would be very hard upon them, and very ſilly in us too, if we were to take it for granted, they were every thing that was bad, merely becauſe they were ſtrangers."

"You do not yet reaſon with perfect accuracy, Helen; is there no difference between thinking people every thing that is good and amiable, and taking it for granted, that they are every thing that is bad?"

"But, then, mother, what can one do?—To be always doubting and doubting is very diſagreeable: and at firſt, when one knows nothing of a perſon, how can we judge?"

"There is no neceſſity, that I can perceive, for your judging of people's

characters the very inſtant they come into a room, which I ſuppoſe is what you mean by 'at firſt.' And though it be diſagreeable, to be always 'doubting and doubting,' yet it is what we muſt ſubmit to patiently, Helen, unleſs we would ſubmit to the conſequences of deciding ill; which, let me aſſure you, my little daughter, are infinitely more diſagreeable."

"Then," ſaid Helen, "I had better doubt and doubt a little longer, mother, about Lady Auguſta."

Here the converſation ended. A few days afterwards Lady Auguſta came with her mother, to dine at Mrs. Temple's. For the firſt hour Helen kept her reſolution, and with ſome difficulty maintained her mind in the painful, philoſophic ſtate of doubt; but the ſecond hour Helen thought, that it would be unjuſt

to doubt any longer; eſpecially as Lady Auguſta had juſt ſhewn her a French pocket fan, and at the very ſame time obſerved to Emma, that her ſiſter's hair was a true auburn colour.

In the evening, after they had returned from a walk, they went into Mrs. Temple's dreſſing-room, to look at a certain black japanned cabinet, in which Helen kept ſome dried ſpecimens of plants, and other curious things. Half the drawers in this cabinet were her's, and the other half her ſiſter's. Now Emma, though ſhe was ſufficiently obliging and polite towards her new acquaintance, was by no means enchanted with her; nor did ſhe feel the leaſt diſpoſition, ſuddenly to contract a friendſhip with a perſon ſhe had ſeen but for a few hours. This reſerve, Helen thought, ſhewed ſome want of feeling,

and ſeemed determined to make amends for it by the warmth and frankneſs of her own manners. She opened all the drawers of the cabinet; and whilſt Lady Auguſta looked and admired, Helen watched her eye, as Aboulcaſem, in the Perſian Tales, watched the eye of the ſtranger, to whom he was diſplaying his treaſures. Helen, it ſeems, had read the ſtory, which had left a deep impreſſion upon her imagination; and ſhe had long determined, on the firſt convenient opportunity, to imitate the conduct of the "generous Perſian." Immediately, therefore, upon obſerving that any thing ſtruck her gueſt's fancy, ſhe withdrew it, and ſecretly ſet it apart for her, as Aboulcaſem ſet apart the ſlave, and the cup, and the peacock. At night, when Lady Auguſta was preparing to depart, Helen ſlipped out of

the room, packed up the things, and, as Aboulcaſem wrote a ſcroll with his preſents, ſhe thought it neceſſary, to accompany her's with a billet. All this being accompliſhed with much celerity, and ſome trepidation, ſhe hurried down ſtairs, gave her packet to one of the ſervants, and ſaw it lodged in Lady S.'s coach.

When the viſit was ended, and Helen and Emma had retired to their own room at night, they began to talk, inſtead of going to ſleep.—"Well, ſiſter," ſaid Helen, "and what did you give to Lady Auguſta?"

"I! nothing."

"Nothing!" repeated Helen, in a triumphant tone; "then ſhe will not think you very generous."

"I do not want her to think me very generous," ſaid Emma, laughing;—

"neither do I think, that giving of preſents to ſtrangers is always a proof of generoſity."

"Strangers, or no ſtrangers, that makes no difference; for ſurely a perſon's giving away any thing, that they like themſelves, is a pretty certain proof, Emma, of their generoſity."

"Not quite ſo certain," replied Emma; "at leaſt, I mean, as far as I can judge of my own mind; I know I have ſometimes given things away, that I liked myſelf, merely becauſe I was aſhamed to refuſe; now I ſhould not call that generoſity, but weakneſs; and, beſides, I think it does make a great deal of difference, Helen, whether you mean to ſpeak of ſtrangers or friends. I am ſure, at this inſtant, if there is any thing of mine in that black cabinet,

that you wiſh for, Helen, I'll give it you with the greateſt pleaſure."

"And not to Lady Auguſta!"

"No; I could not do both; and do you think I would make no diſtinction between a perſon I have lived with and loved for years, and a ſtranger, whom I know and care very little about?"

Helen was touched by this ſpeech, eſpecially as ſhe entirely believed her ſiſter, for Emma was not one who made ſentimental ſpeeches.

A ſhort time after this viſit, Mrs. Temple took her two daughters with her, to dine at Lady S—'s. As they happened to go rather earlier than uſual, they found nobody in the drawing-room but the French governeſs, Mademoiſelle Panache. Helen, it ſeems, had conceived a very ſublime idea of a French governeſs; and when ſhe firſt

came into the room, ſhe looked up to Mademoiſelle Panache with a mixture of awe and admiration. Mademoiſelle was not much troubled with any of that awkward reſerve, which ſeems in England ſometimes to keep ſtrangers at bay for the firſt quarter of an hour of their acquaintance: ſhe could not, it is true, ſpeak Engliſh very fluently, but this only increaſed her deſire to ſpeak it; and between two languages ſhe found means, with ſome difficulty, to expreſs herſelf. The converſation, after the uſual preliminary nothings had been gone over, turned upon France, and French literature: Mrs. Temple ſaid ſhe was going to purchaſe ſome French books for her daughters, and very politely begged to know what authors Mademoiſelle would particularly recommend. "*Vat auteurs!* you do

me much honour, madame—*Vat auteurs!* why, *Mademoiſelles, there's Telemaque and Beliſaire.*"

Helen and Emma had read Telemaque and Beliſaire, ſo Mademoiſelle was obliged to think again—"*Attendez!*" cried ſhe, putting up her fore finger in an attitude of recollection. But the reſult of all her recollection was ſtill "*Beliſaire*" and "*Telemaque;*" and an *Abbé*'s book, whoſe name ſhe could not remember, though ſhe remembered perfectly well, that the *vork* was publiſhed "*l'an mille ſix cents quatre vingts dix.*"

Helen could ſcarcely forbear ſmiling, ſo much was her awe and admiration of a French governeſs abated. Mrs. Temple, to relieve Mademoiſelle from the perplexity of ſearching for the Abbé's name, and to avoid the hazard of going out of

her circle of French literature, mentioned Gil Blas; and obſerved, that, though it was a book univerſally put into the hands of very young people, ſhe thought Mademoiſelle judged well in preferring——

"O!" interrupted Mademoiſelle, "*Je me trouve bien heureuſe*—I am quite happy, madame, to be of your way of *tinking*—I would never go to chooſe to put Gil Blas into no pupil's of mine's hands, until they were perfectly miſtreſs of *de idiome de la langue*.

It was not the idiom, but the morality of the book, to which Mrs. Temple had alluded; but that, it was very plain, occupied no part of Mademoiſelle Panache's attention; her object was ſolely, to teach her pupil French. "*Mais pour Miladi* Auguſta, cried ſhe, "*C'eſt vraiment un petit prodige!*—You, ma-

dame, you are a judge.—*On le voit bien. You know how much difficile it be, to compoſe French poeſie, becauſe of de rhymes, de maſculin, feminine, de neutre genre of noun ſubſtantive and adjective, all to be conſider in ſpite of de ſenſe in our rhymes.—Je ne m'explique pas.—Mais enfin—de natives themſelves very few come to write paſſably in poeſie; except it be your great poets by profeſſion. Cependant, madame, miladi Auguſta, I ſpeak de truth, not one vord of lies, Miladi Auguſta write poeſie juſt de ſame with proſe.—Veritablement comme un ange! Et puis,*" continued Mademoiſelle Panache——

But ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of the "little angel" and her mother. Lady Auguſta wore a roſe-coloured ſaſh to-day, and Helen no longer preferred blue to pink. Not long

after they were ſeated, Lady S—— obſerved, that her daughter's face was burned by being oppoſite to the fire; and, after betraying ſome ſymptoms of anxiety, cried—"Mademoiſelle, why will you always let Auguſta ſit ſo near the fire? My dear, how can you bear to burn your face ſo? Do be ſo good, for my ſake, to take a ſcreen."

"There is no ſcreen in the room, ma'am, I believe," ſaid the young lady, moving, or ſeeming to move, her chair three quarters of an inch backwards.

"No ſcreen!" ſaid Lady S——, looking round; "I thought, Mademoiſelle, your ſcreens were finiſhed."

"*Oh oui, madame, dey be finiſh; but I forget to make dem come down ſtairs.*"

"I hate embroidered ſcreens," ob-

ſerved Lady S——, turning away her head; for one is always afraid to uſe them."

Mademoiſelle immediately roſe, to fetch one of her's.

"*Ne vous derangez pas, Mademoiſelle*," ſaid Lady S——, careleſsly.—And whilſt ſhe was out of the room, turning to Mrs. Temple, "Have you a French governeſs?" ſaid ſhe, "I think you told me not."

"No," ſaid Mrs. Temple, "I have no thoughts of any governeſs for my daughters."

"Why, indeed, I don't know but you are quite right, for they are ſad plagues, to have in one's houſe; beſides, I believe too, in general, they are a ſad ſet of people. But what can one do, you know? One muſt ſubmit to all that; for they tell me there's no other

way of ſecuring to one's children a good French pronunciation.—How will you manage about that?"

"Helen and Emma," ſaid Mrs. Temple, "read and underſtand French as well as I could wiſh, and if ever they go to France, I hope they will be able to catch the accent, as I have never ſuffered them, to acquire any fixed bad habits of ſpeaking it."

"O," ſaid Lady S——, "*bad habits* are what I dread of all things for Auguſta; I aſſure you I was particularly nice about the choice of a governeſs for her; ſo many of theſe ſort of people come over here from Switzerland, or the French provinces, and ſpeak a horrid jargon.—It's very difficult to meet with a perſon you could entirely depend upon."

"Very difficult, indeed," ſaid Mrs. Temple.

"However," continued her ladyſhip, "I think myſelf moſt exceedingly fortunate; I am abſolutely certain, that Mademoiſelle Panache comes from Paris, and was born and educated there; ſo I feel quite at eaſe: and as to the reſt," ſaid ſhe, lowering her voice, but only lowering it ſufficiently, to fix Lady Auguſta's attention—"as to the reſt, I ſhall part with her when my daughter is a year or two older; ſo you know ſhe can do no great harm. Beſides," ſaid ſhe, ſpeaking louder, "I really have great confidence in her, and Auguſta and ſhe ſeem to agree vaſtly well."

"O yes," ſaid Lady Auguſta, "Mademoiſelle is exceedingly good-natured; I am ſure I like her vaſtly."

"Well, that's the chief thing: I

would work upon a child's ſenſibility; that's my notion of education," ſaid Lady S—— to Mrs. Temple, affecting a ſweet ſmile—" Take care of the heart at any rate—there I'm ſure, at leaſt, I may depend on Mademoiſelle Panache, for ſhe is the beſt creature in the world; I've the higheſt opinion of her: not that I would truſt my own judgment, but ſhe was moſt exceedingly well recommended to me."

Mademoiſelle Panache came into the room again, juſt as Lady S—— finiſhed her laſt ſentence; ſhe brought one of her own worked ſcreens in her hand. Helen looked at Lady Auguſta, expecting that ſhe would at leaſt have gone to meet her governeſs; but the young lady never offered to riſe from her ſeat; and when poor Mademoiſelle preſented the ſcreen to her, ſhe received it with

the utmoſt *nonchalance*, only interrupting her converſation by a ſlight bow of the head. Helen and Emma looked down, feeling both aſhamed and ſhocked at manners, which they could neither think kind nor polite.

However, it was no wonder, that the pupil ſhould not be ſcrupulouſly reſpectful towards a governeſs, whom her mother treated like a waiting-maid.

More carriages now came to the door, and the room was ſoon filled with company. The young ladies dined at the ſide-table with Mademoiſelle Panache; and during dinner Emma and Helen quite won her heart.—"*Voilà des Demoiſelles des plus polies!*" ſhe ſaid with emphaſis; and it is true, that they were particularly careful, to treat her with the greateſt attention and reſpect, not only from their general habits of good breed-

ing, and from a ſenſe of propriety, but from a feeling of pity and generoſity; they could not bear to think, that a perſon ſhould be treated with neglect or inſolence, merely becauſe their ſituation and rank happened to be inferior.

Mademoiſelle, pleaſed with their manners, was particularly officious in entertaining them; and when the reſt of the company ſat down to cards, ſhe offered to ſhew them the houſe, which was large and magnificent.

Helen and Emma were very glad to be relieved from their ſeats beſide the card-table, and from perpetually hearing of trumps, odd tricks, and honours; ſo that they eagerly accepted Mademoiſelle's propoſal.

The laſt room which they went into was Lady Auguſta's apartment, in which her writing deſk, her drawing-box, and

her piano-forte ſtood. It was very elegantly furniſhed; and at one end was a handſome bookcaſe, which immediately attracted Helen and Emma's attention. Not Lady Auguſta's, her attention, the moment ſhe came into the room, was attracted by a hat, which Mademoiſelle had been making up in the morning, and which lay half finiſhed upon the ſofa. "Well, really this is elegant!" ſaid ſhe; "certainly, Mademoiſelle, you have the beſt taſte in the world!—Isn't it a beautiful hat?" ſaid ſhe, appealing to Helen and Emma.

"O, yes," replied Helen inſtantly; for as ſhe was no great judge, ſhe was afraid to hazard her opinion, and thought it ſafeſt to acquieſce in Lady Auguſta's. Emma, on the contrary, who did not think the hat particularly pretty, and who dared to think for herſelf, was

ſilent. And certainly it requires no common ſhare of ſtrength of mind, to dare to think for one's ſelf about a hat.

In the mean time Mademoiſelle put the finiſhing ſtroke to her work; and obſerving, that the colour of the ribbon would become Helen's complexion—"*Merveilleuſement!—Permettez, Mademoiſelle,*" ſaid ſhe, putting it lightly upon her head—"*Qu'elle eſt charmante! Qu'elle eſt bien comme ça!—Quite anoder ting! Mademoiſelle Helen eſt charmante!*" cried the governeſs with enthuſiaſm; and her pupil echoed her exclamations with equal enthuſiaſm, till Helen would abſolutely have been perſuaded, that ſome ſudden metamorphoſis had taken place in her appearance, if her ſiſter's compoſure had not happily preſerved her in her ſober ſenſes. She could not, however, help feeling a ſenſible diminu-

tion of merit and happineſs, when the hat was lifted off her head.

"What a very pretty coloured ribbon!" ſaid ſhe.

"That's piſtachio colour," ſaid Lady Auguſta.

"Piſtachio colour!" repeated Helen, with admiration.

"Piſtachio colour," repeated her ſiſter coolly; "I did not know that was the name of the colour."

"*Bon Dieu!*" ſaid Mademoiſelle, lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven; "*Bon Dieu! not know de piſtachea colour!*"

Emma, neither humbled nor ſhocked at her own ignorance, ſimply ſaid to herſelf, "Surely it is no crime, not to know *a name.*" But Mademoiſelle's abhorrent and amazed look produced a very different effect upon Helen's imagination;

ſhe felt all the anguiſh of falſe ſhame, that dangerous infirmity of weak minds.

"*Bon!*" ſaid Mademoiſelle Panache to herſelf, obſerving the impreſſion which ſhe had made: "*Voila un bon ſujet au moins.*" And ſhe proceeded with more officiouſneſs perhaps than politeneſs, to reform certain minutiæ in Helen's dreſs, which were not preciſely adjuſted according to what ſhe called *the mode:* ſhe having the misfortune to be poſſeſſed of that intolerant ſpirit, which admits but of one mode; a ſpirit which is common to all perſons, who have ſeen but little of the world, or of good company; and who, conſequently, cannot conceive the liberality of ſentiment upon all matters of taſte and faſhion, which diſtinguiſhes well-bred and well-educated people.

"*Pardonnez,* Mademoiſelle Helen,"

ſaid ſhe: "*Permettez*"—altering things to her fancy—"*un petit plus—et un petit plus: oui comme ça—comme ça—Bien!—Bien!—Ah non!—Cela eſt vilain—affreuſe! Mais tenez, toujours comme ça; reſſouvenez vous bien, Mademoiſelle—Ah bon! vous voilà miſe à quatres épingles!*"

"*A quatres épingles!*" repeated Helen to herſelf. "Surely," thought Emma, "that is a vulgar expreſſion; Mademoiſelle is not as elegant in her taſte for language as for dreſs." Indeed two or three technical expreſſions, which afterwards eſcaped from this lady, joined to the prodigious knowledge ſhe diſplayed of the names, qualities, and value of ribbons, gauzes, feathers, &c. had excited a ſtrong ſuſpicion in Emma's mind, that Mademoiſelle Panache her-

ſelf might poſſibly have had the honour to be a milliner.

The following incident ſufficiently confirmed her ſuſpicions:—Whilſt Mademoiſelle was dreſſing and undreſſing Helen, ſhe regularly carried every pin which ſhe took out to her mouth.

Helen did not perceive this manœuvre, it being performed with habitual celerity; but ſeeing that all the pins were vaniſhed, ſhe firſt glanced her eye upon the table, and then on the ground, and ſtill not ſeeing her pins, ſhe felt in her pocket for her pincuſhion, and preſented it—"*J'en ai aſſez bien obligée, Mademoiſelle;*"—and from ſome ſecret receptacle in her mouth, ſhe produced firſt one pin, then another, till Emma counted ſeventeen, to her utter aſtoniſhment,—more, certainly, than any mouth could contain but a milliner's.

Unfortunately, however, in Mademoiſelle's haſte to ſpeak, a pin and an exclamation, contending in her mouth, impeded her utterance, and put her in imminent danger of choking. They all looked frightened. "*Qu' avez vous donc!*" cried ſhe, recovering herſelf with admirable dexterity, "*Qu' avez vous donc!—Ce n'eſt rien.—Ah ſi vous aviez vue Mademoiſelle Alexandre!—Ah! dat would frighten you indeed!—Many de time I ſee her put one tirty, forty, fifty—aye one hundred, two hundred in her mouth—and ſhe all de time laugh, talk, eat, drink, ſleep wid dem, and no harm—nonobſtant never happen Mademoiſelle Alexandre.*"

"And who is Mademoiſelle Alexandre?" ſaid Emma.

"*Eh donc!—fameuſe marchande de*

modes—rue St. Honorè—rivale célèbre de Mademoiſelle Baulara."

"Yes, I know!" ſaid Lady Auguſta, delighted to appear to know the name of two French milliners, without in the leaſt ſuſpecting, that ſhe had the honour to have a third for her governeſs.

Emma ſmiled, but was ſilent.—She fortunately poſſeſſed a ſound diſcriminating underſtanding; obſerving and judging for herſelf, it was not eaſy to impoſe upon her by names and grimaces.

It was remarkable, that Mademoiſelle Panache had never once attempted to alter any thing in Emma's dreſs, and directed very little of her converſation to her; ſeeming to have an intuitive perception, that ſhe could make no impreſſion; and Lady Auguſta too treated

her with leſs familiarity, but with far more reſpect.

"*Dear* Helen," ſaid Lady Auguſta, for ſhe ſeemed, to uſe her own expreſſion, to have taken a great fancy to her; "dear Helen, I hope you are to be at the ball at the races."

"I don't know," ſaid Helen; "I believe my mother intends to be there."

"*Et vous?*" ſaid Mademoiſelle Panache, "you, to be ſure, I hope;—your mamma could not be ſo cruel, as to leave you at home! *une demoiſelle faite comme vous!*"

Helen had been quite indifferent about going to the ball, till theſe words inſpired her with a violent deſire to go there, or rather with a violent dread of the misfortune and diſgrace of being left "at home."

We ſhall, for fear of being tireſome,

omit a long converſation, which paſſed about the dreſs and neceſſary preparations for this ball. It is enough to ſay, that Helen was ſtruck with deſpair at the idea, that her mother probably would not procure for her all the fine things, which Lady Auguſta had, and which Mademoiſelle aſſured her were abſolutely neceſſary to her being "preſentable." In particular her ambition was excited by a ſplendid watch-chain of her Ladyſhip's, which Lady Auguſta aſſured her "there was no poſſibility of *living* without."

Emma, however, reflecting that ſhe had lived all her life without even wiſhing for a watch-chain, was inclined to doubt the accuracy of her Ladyſhip's aſſertion.

In the mean time poor Helen fell into a profound and ſomewhat painful re-

verie. She ſtood with the watch-chain in her hand, ruminating upon the vaſt, infinite number of things ſhe wanted, to complete her happineſs—things of which ſhe had never thought before. Indeed, during the ſhort time ſhe had been in the company of Mademoiſelle Panache, a new world ſeemed to have been opened to her imagination—new wants, new wiſhes, new notions of right and wrong, and a totally new idea of excellence and happineſs had taken poſſeſſion of her mind.

So much miſchief may be done by a ſilly governeſs in a ſingle quarter of an hour!—But we are yet to ſee more of the genius of Mademoiſelle Panache for education. It happened, that, while the young ladies were buſily talking together, ſhe had gotten to the other end of the room, and was as buſily engaged at

a looking-glaſs, receding and advancing by turns, to decide the exact diſtance, at which rouge was liable to detection. Keeping her eye upon the mirror, ſhe went backwards, and backwarder, till unluckily ſhe chanced to ſet her foot upon Lady Auguſta's favourite little dog, who inſtantly ſent forth a piteous yell.

"Oh! my dog!—Oh! my dog!" exclaimed Lady Auguſta, running to the dog, and taking it into her lap—"*Oh chere Fanfan!*—where is it hurt, my poor, dear, ſweet, darling little creature?"

"*Chere Fanfan!*" cried Mademoiſelle, kneeling down, and kiſſing the offended paw—*pardonnez Fanfan!*"—and they continued careſſing and pitying Fanfan, ſo as to give Helen a very exalted opinion of their ſenſibility, and

to make her wiſer ſiſter doubt of its ſincerity.

Longer would Fanfan have been deplored with all the pathos of feminine fondneſs, had not Mademoiſelle ſuddenly ſhrieked, and ſtarted up. "What's the matter?—what's the matter?"—cried they all at once.—The affrighted governeſs pointed to her pupil's ſaſh, exclaiming, "*Regardez!—regardez!*" There was a moderate ſized ſpider upon the young lady's ſaſh—"*La voilà! ah la voilà!*" cried ſhe, at an awful diſtance.

"It is only a ſpider," ſaid Emma.

"A ſpider!" ſaid Lady Auguſta, and threw Fanfan from her lap as ſhe roſe—"where?—where?—on my ſaſh!"

"I'll ſhake it off," ſaid Helen.

"Oh! ſhake it, ſhake it!"—and ſhe ſhook it herſelf, till the ſpider fell to

the ground, who ſeemed to be almoſt as much frightened as Lady Auguſta, and was making his way as faſt as poſſible from the field of battle.

"*Où eſt il?—où eſt il?—Le vilain animal!*" cried Mademoiſelle, advancing —"*Ah que je l' écraſe au moins,*" ſaid ſhe, having her foot prepared.

"Kill it!"—"O, Mademoiſelle, don't kill it," ſaid Emma, ſtooping down to ſave it—"I'll put it out of the window this inſtant."

"Ah! how can you touch it?" ſaid Lady Auguſta with diſguſt, while Emma carried it carefully in her hand; and Helen, whoſe humanity was ſtill proof againſt Mademoiſelle Panache, ran to open the window. Juſt as they had got the poor ſpider out of the reach of its enemies, a ſudden guſt of wind blew it

back again; it fell once more upon the floor.

"O, kill it!—kill it, any body—for heaven's ſake *do* kill it!"—Mademoiſelle preſſed forward, and cruſhed the animal to death.

"Is it dead? Quite dead!" ſaid her pupil, approaching timidly.

"*Avancez!*" ſaid her governeſs, laughing—"*Que craignez vous donc?—Elle eſt morte, je vous dis.*"

The young lady looked at the entrails of the ſpider, and was ſatisfied.

So much for a leſſon on humanity.

It was ſome time before the effects of this ſcene were effaced from the minds of either of the ſiſters; but at length a ſubject very intereſting to Helen was ſtarted. Lady Auguſta mentioned the little ebony box, which had

been put into the coach, and Miſs Helen's very obliging note.

However, though ſhe affected to be pleaſed, it was evident, by the haughty careleſſneſs of her manner, whilſt ſhe returned her thanks, that ſhe was rather offended than obliged by the preſent.

Helen was ſurpriſed and mortified. The times, ſhe perceived, were changed ſince the days of Aboulcaſem.

"I am particularly diſtreſſed," ſaid Lady Auguſta, who often aſſumed the language of a woman, "I am particularly diſtreſſed, to rob you of your pretty prints; eſpecially as my uncle has juſt ſent me down a ſet of Bartolozzi's from town."

"But I hope, Lady Auguſta, you liked the little prints, which are cut out. I think you ſaid you wiſhed for

ſome ſuch things, to put on a work-baſket."

"O, yes; I'm ſure I'm exceedingly obliged to you for remembering that; I had quite forgotten it; but I found ſome beautiful vignettes the other day in our French books, and I ſhall ſet about copying them for my baſket directly. I'll ſhew them to you, if you pleaſe," ſaid ſhe, going to the book-caſe. "Mademoiſelle, do be ſo good as to reach for me thoſe little books in the Morocco binding."

Mademoiſelle got upon a ſtool, and touched ſeveral books, one after another, for ſhe could not tranſlate "Morocco binding."

"Which did you mean?—*Dis—dis—dis, or dat?*" ſaid ſhe.

"No, no—none of thoſe Mademoiſelle; not in that row.—Look juſt

above your hand in the ſecond row from the top."

"O, no; not in dat row, I hope."

"Why not there?"

"*O, Miladi Auguſta, vous ſçavez bien,—ce ſont là les livres défendues*—I dare not touch one—*Vous le ſçavez bien, Miladi, votre chère mère.*"

"*Miladi, votre chère mère!*" repeated the young lady, mimicking her governeſs—"pooh, nonſenſe, give me the books."

"*Eh non—abſolument non—Croyez, moi Mademoiſelle, de book is not good. Ce n'eſt pas comme il faut; it is not fit for young ladies—for nobody to read.*"

"How do you know that ſo well, Mademoiſelle?"

"*N'importe,*" ſaid Mademoiſelle colouring, "*n'importe—je le ſçais.—But not to talk of dat; you know I cannot*

diſobey Miladi; de row of Romans ſhe forbid to be touch, on no account, by nobody but herſelf in de houſe.—You know dis, Mademoiſelle Auguſta.—So en conſcience," ſaid ſhe, deſcending from the ſtool——

"*En conſcience!*" repeated Lady Auguſta, with the impatient accent of one not uſed to be oppoſed, I can't help admiring the tenderneſs of your conſcience, Mademoiſelle Panache.—"Now, would you believe it?" continued ſhe, turning to Emma and Helen, "now would you believe it? Mademoiſelle has had the ſecond volume of that very book under her pillow this fortnight; I caught her reading it one morning, and that was what made me ſo anxious to ſee it; or elſe ten to one I never ſhould have thought of the book —*ſo* "*en conſcience!*" Mademoiſelle,"

Mademoiſelle coloured furiouſly.

"*Mais vraiment, Miladi Auguſta, vous me manquez en face!*"

The young lady made no reply, but ſprang upon the ſtool, to reach the books for herſelf; and the governeſs, deeming it prudent not to endanger her authority by an ineffectual ſtruggle for victory, thought proper to ſound a timely retreat.

"*Allons! Meſdemoiſelles,*" cried ſhe, "*I fancy de tea wait by dis time; deſcendons;*" and ſhe led the way.—Emma inſtantly followed her.—"Stay a moment for me, Helen, my dear."—Helen heſitated.

"Then you won't take down the books?" ſaid ſhe.

"Nay, one moment; juſt let me ſhew you the vignette."

"No, no; pray don't, Mademoiſelle ſaid you muſt not."

"Yes, ſhe ſaid I muſt not; but you ſee ſhe went away, that I might; and ſo I will," ſaid Lady Auguſta, jumping off the ſtool with the red books in her hand.—"Now, look here."

"O, no; I can't ſtay, indeed!" ſaid Helen, pulling away her hand.

"La! what a child you are!" ſaid Lady Auguſta, laughing; "its mamma ſhan't be angry with it, ſhe ſhan't.—La! what harm can there be in looking at a vignette?"

"Why, to be ſure there can be no harm in looking at a vignette," ſaid Helen, ſubmitting from the ſame ſpecies of falſe ſhame, which had conquered her underſtanding before about the piſtachio colour.

"Well, look!" ſaid Lady Auguſta,

opening the book, "isn't this exceedingly pretty?"

"Exceedingly pretty," ſaid Helen, ſcarce ſeeing it: "now ſhall we go down?"

"No, ſtay; as you think that pretty, I can ſhew you a much prettier."

"Well, only *one* then."

But when ſhe had ſeen that, Lady Auguſta ſtill ſaid "One other," and "one other," till ſhe had gone through a volume and a half; Helen all the while alternately heſitating and yielding, out of pure weakneſs and *mauvaiſe honte.*

The vignettes, in fact, were not extraordinarily beautiful; nor, if they had, would ſhe have taken the leaſt pleaſure in ſeeing them in ſuch a ſurreptitious manner. She did not, however, ſee all the difficulties, into which this firſt de-

viation from proper conduct would lead her. Alas! no one ever can!

Juſt when they were within three leaves of the end of the laſt volume, they heard voices upon the ſtairs.—"Good God! there's my mother!—They're coming!—What ſhall we do?" cried Lady Auguſta; and though there could be "*no harm in looking at a print*," yet the colour now forſook her cheek, and ſhe ſtood the picture of guilt and cowardice. There was not time to put the books up in their places. What was to be done?

"Put them into our pockets," ſaid Lady Auguſta.

"O, no, no!—I won't—I can't—what meanneſs!"

"But you muſt. I can't get them both into mine," ſaid Lady Auguſta, in

great diſtreſs. " Dear, dear Helen, for my ſake !"

Helen trembled, and let Lady Auguſta put the book into her pocket.

" My dear," ſaid Lady S—, opening the door juſt as this operation was effected, " we are come to ſee your room; will you let us in ?"

" O, certainly, madam," ſaid Lady Auguſta, commanding a ſmile. But Helen's face was covered with ſo deep a crimſon, and ſhe betrayed ſuch evident ſymptoms of embarraſſment, that her mother, who came up with the reſt of the company, could not help taking notice of it.

" Ar'n't you well, Helen, my dear ?" ſaid her mother.

Helen attempted no anſwer.

" Perhaps," ſaid Lady Auguſta, " it

was the grapes after dinner which diſagreed with you.

Helen refuſed the look of aſſent, which was expected; and at this moment ſhe felt the greateſt contempt for Lady Auguſta, and terror to ſee herſelf led on ſtep by ſtep in deceit.

"My love, indeed you don't look well," ſaid Lady S—, in a tone of pity.

"*It muſt be de grapes!*" ſaid Mademoiſelle.

"No, indeed," ſaid Helen, who felt inexpreſſible ſhame and anguiſh, "no indeed, it is not the grapes;" turning away, and looking up to her mother with tears in her eyes.

She was upon the point of producing the book before all the company; but Lady Auguſta preſſed her arm, and ſhe forbore; for ſhe thought it would be diſhonourable to betray her.

Mrs. Temple did not chooſe to queſtion her daughter farther at this time, and relieved her from confuſion by turning to ſomething elſe.

As they went down ſtairs to tea, Lady Auguſta, with familiar fondneſs, took Helen's hand.

"You need not fear," ſaid Helen, withdrawing her hand coldly, "I ſhall not betray you, Lady Auguſta."

"You'll promiſe me that?"

"Yes," ſaid Helen, with a feeling of contempt.

After tea Lady Auguſta was requeſted to ſit down to the piano forte, and favour the company with an Italian ſong. She ſat down, and played and ſung with the greateſt eaſe and gaiety imaginable; whilſt Helen, incapable of feeling, ſtill more incapable of affecting gaiety, ſtood

beſide the harpſichord, her eyes bowed down with "*penetrative ſhame.*"

"Why do you look ſo woe-begone?" ſaid Lady Auguſta, as ſhe ſtooped for a muſic book; "why don't you look as I do?"

"I can't," ſaid Helen.

Her Ladyſhip did not feel the force of this anſwer; for her own ſelf-approbation could, it ſeems, be recovered at a very cheap rate; half a dozen ſtrangers liſtening, with unmeaning ſmiles and encomiums, to her execution of one of Clementi's leſſons, were ſufficient to ſatisfy her ambition. Nor is this ſurpriſing, when all her education had tended to teach her, that what are called accompliſhments are ſuperior to every thing elſe. Her drawings were next to be produced and admired. The table was preſently covered with fruit,

flowers, landſcapes, men's, women's, and children's heads; whilſt Mademoiſelle was ſuffered to ſtand holding a large port-folio, till ſhe was ready to faint; nor was ſhe, perhaps, the only perſon in company, who was ſecretly tired of the exhibition.

Theſe eternal exhibitions of accompliſhments have of late become private nuiſances. Let young women cultivate their taſtes or their underſtandings in any manner, that can afford them agreeable occupation; or, in one word, that can make them happy; if they are wiſe, they will early make it their object to be permanently happy, and not merely to be admired for a few hours of their exiſtence.

All this time poor Helen could think of nothing but the book, which ſhe had been perſuaded to ſecrete. It grew late

in the evening, and Helen grew more and more uneaſy at not having any opportunity of returning it. Lady Auguſta was ſo buſy talking and receiving compliments, that it was impoſſible to catch her eye.

At length Mrs. Temple's carriage was ordered; and now all the company were ſeated in form, and Helen ſaw with the greateſt diſtreſs, that ſhe was farther than ever from her purpoſe. She once had a mind to call her mother aſide, and conſult her; but that ſhe could not do, on account of her promiſe.

The carriage came to the door; and whilſt Helen put on her cloak, Mademoiſelle aſſiſted her, ſo that ſhe could not ſpeak to Lady Auguſta. At laſt, when ſhe was taking leave of her, ſhe ſaid, "Will you let me give you the

book?" and half drew it from her pocket.

"O, goodneſs! not now; I can't take it now."

"What ſhall I do with it?"

"Why, take it home, and ſend it back, directed to *me*—remember—by the firſt opportunity—when you have done with it."

"Done with it!—I have done with it.—Indeed, Lady Auguſta, you muſt let me give it you now."

"Come, Helen, we are waiting for you, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Temple; and Helen was hurried into the carriage with the book ſtill in her pocket. Thus was ſhe brought from one difficulty into another.

Now ſhe had promiſed her mother never to borrow any book without her knowledge; and certainly ſhe had not the ſlighteſt intention to forfeit her

word, when ſhe firſt was perſuaded to look at the vignettes. "Oh," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "where will all this end? What ſhall I do now? Why was I ſo weak as to ſtay to look at the prints? And why did I fancy I ſhould like Lady Auguſta, before I knew any thing of her? Oh, how much I wiſh I had never ſeen her!"

Occupied by theſe thoughts all the way they were going home, Helen, we may imagine, did not appear as cheerful, or as much at eaſe, as uſual. Her mother and her ſiſter were converſing very agreeably; but if ſhe had been aſked when the carriage ſtopped, ſhe could not have told a ſingle ſyllable of what they had been ſaying.

Mrs. Temple perceived, that ſomething hung heavy upon her daughter's mind; but, truſting to her long habits

of candour and integrity, ſhe was determined to leave her entirely at liberty, ſhe therefore wiſhed her a good night, without inquiring into the cauſe of her melancholy.

Helen ſcarcely knew what it was to lie awake at night; ſhe generally ſlept ſoundly from the moment ſhe went to bed till the morning, and then wakened as gay as a lark; but now it was quite otherwiſe; ſhe lay awake, uneaſy and reſtleſs, her pillow was wet with her tears, ſhe turned from ſide to ſide, but in vain; it was the longeſt night ſhe ever remembered; ſhe wiſhed a thouſand times for morning, but when the morning came ſhe got up with a very heavy heart; all her uſual occupations had loſt their charms; and what ſhe felt the moſt painful was, her mother's kind, open, unſuſpicious manner. She had

never, at leaſt ſhe had never for many years, broken her word; ſhe had long felt the pleaſure of integrity, and knew how to eſtimate its loſs.

"And for what?" ſaid Helen to herſelf, "have I forfeited this pleaſure?—for nothing."

But, beſides this, ſhe was totally at a loſs to know what ſtep ſhe was next to take; nor could ſhe conſult the friends ſhe had always been accuſtomed to apply to for advice. Two ideas of honour, two incompatible ideas were ſtruggling in her mind. She thought that ſhe ſhould not betray her companion, and ſhe knew ſhe ought not to deceive her mother. She was fully reſolved never to open the book, which ſhe had in her pocket, but yet ſhe was to keep it ſhe knew not how long. Lady Auguſta had deſired her to ſend it

home; but ſhe did not ſee how this was to be accompliſhed, without having recourſe to the ſecret aſſiſtance of ſervants, a ſpecies of meanneſs to which ſhe had never ſtooped. She thought ſhe ſaw herſelf involved in inextricable difficulties. She knew not what to do; ſhe laid her head down upon her arms, and wept bitterly.

Her mother juſt then came into the room.—"Helen, my dear," ſaid ſhe, without taking any notice of her tears, "here's a fan, which one of the ſervants juſt brought out of the carriage; I find it was left there by accident all night.

"The man tells me, that Mademoiſelle Panache put it into the front pocket, and ſaid it was a preſent from Lady Auguſta to Miſs Helen." It was a ſplendid French fan.

"Oh," ſaid Helen, "I can't take it!

I can't take any preſent from Lady Auguſta——I wiſh——"

"You wiſh, perhaps," ſaid Mrs. Temple, ſmiling, that you had not begun the traffic of preſents; but ſince you have, it would not be handſome, it would not be proper, to refuſe the fan."

"But I muſt—I will refuſe it," ſaid Helen. "Oh, mother! you don't know how unhappy I am!"—She pauſed. "Didn't you ſee that ſomething was the matter, madam, when you came up yeſterday into Lady Auguſta's room?"

"Yes," ſaid her mother, "I did; but I did not chooſe to inquire the cauſe; I thought if you had wiſhed I ſhould know it, that you would have told it to me. You are now old

enough, Helen, to be treated with confidence."

"No," ſaid Helen, burſting into tears, "I am not—indeed I am not—I have—But, oh, mother!—the worſt of all is, that I don't know whether I ſhould tell you any thing about it or no—I ought not to betray any body; ought I?"

"Certainly not; and as to me, the deſire you now ſhew to be ſincere is enough; you are perfectly at liberty: if I can aſſiſt or adviſe you, my dear, I will; but I do not want to force any ſecret from you: do what you think right and honourable."

"But I have done what is very diſhonourable," ſaid Helen.—"At leaſt I may tell you all that concerns myſelf. I am afraid you will think I have broken my promiſe," ſaid ſhe, drawing the book

from her pocket, "I have brought home this book."—She paused, and seemed to wait for her mother's reproaches: but her mother was silent; she did not look angry, but surprised and sorry.

"Is this all you wished to say?"

"All that I can say," replied Helen, perhaps, if you heard the whole story, you might think me less to blame; but I cannot tell it to you. I hope you will not ask me any more."

"No," said her mother, "that I assure you, I will not."

"And now, mother, will you—and you'll set my heart at ease again—will you tell me what I shall do with the book."

"That I cannot possibly do; I cannot advise when I don't know the cir-

cumſtances; I pity you Helen, but I cannot help you; you muſt judge for yourſelf."

Helen, after ſome deliberation, reſolved to write a note to Lady Auguſta, and to aſk her mother to ſend it.

Her mother ſent it, without looking at the direction.

"Oh, mother! how good you are to me!" ſaid Helen; "and now, madam, what ſhall be my puniſhment?"

"It will be a very ſevere puniſhment, I'm afraid; but it is not in my power to help it; my confidence in you does not depend upon myſelf; it muſt always depend upon you."

"Oh! have I loſt your confidence?"

"Not loſt, but leſſened it," ſaid her mother. "I cannot poſſibly feel the

ſame confidence in you now, that I did yeſterday morning; I cannot feel the ſame dependance upon a perſon, who has deceived me, as upon one who never had—could you?"

"No, certainly," ſaid Helen, with a deep ſigh.

"Oh!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "if Lady Auguſta knew the pain ſhe has coſt me!—But I'm ſure, however, ſhe'll tell her mother all the affair, when ſhe reads my note."

Helen's note contained much eloquence, and more ſimplicity; but as to the effect upon Lady Auguſta, ſhe calculated ill. No anſwer was returned but a few oſtenſible lines:—"Lady Auguſta's compliments, and ſhe was happy to hear Miſs Helen T. was better, &c."—And, ſtrange to tell!

when they met about three weeks after at a ball in town, Lady Auguſta did not think proper to take any notice of Helen or Emma. She looked as if ſhe had never ſeen them before, and by a haughty ſtare, for girls can ſtare now almoſt as well as women, cancelled all her former expreſſions of friendſhip for her "dear Helen." It is to be obſerved, that ſhe was now in company with two or three young ladies of higher rank, whom ſhe thought more faſhionable, and conſequently more amiable.

Mrs. Temple was by no means ſorry, to find this intimacy between Lady Auguſta and her daughter diſſolved.

"I am ſure the next time," ſaid Helen, "I'll take care not to like a

ſtranger merely for having a blue ſaſh."

"But, indeed," ſaid Emma, "I do think Mademoiſelle Panache, from all I ſaw of her, is to blame for many of Lady Auguſta's defects."

"For all of them, I'll anſwer for it," ſaid Helen; "I would not have a French governeſs for the world; Lady S— might well ſay, they were "a ſad ſet of people."

"That was too general an expreſſion, Helen, ſaid Mrs. Temple, "and it is neither wiſe nor juſt, to judge of any ſet of people by an individual, whether that individual be good or bad.—All French governeſſes are not like Mademoiſelle Panache."

Helen corrected her expreſſion; and ſaid, "Well, I mean I would not for the world have ſuch a governeſs as Mademoiſelle Panache!"

[*The Second Part of Mademoiſelle Panache is given in Edgeworth's Moral Tales.*]

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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